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SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I stood upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,
And woods were brightened, and soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.
The clouds were far beneath me;—bathed in light,
They gathered mid way round the wooded height,
And, in their fading glory, shone
Like hosts in battle overthrown,
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,
Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered lance,
And rocking on the cliff was left
The dark pine blasted, bare, and cleft.
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow
Was darkened by the forest's shade,
Or glistened in the white cascade;
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.
I heard the distant waters dash,
I saw the current whirl and flash,—
And richly by the blue lake's silver beach,
The woods were bending with a silent reach.
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,
The music of the village bell
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills;
And the wild horn whose voice the woodland fills,
Was ringing to the merry shout.
That faint and far the glen sent out,
Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin smoke,
Through thick-leaved branches from the dingle broke.
If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldest forget,
If thou wouldest read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills!—No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

BY THE SAME.

On sunny slope and beechen swell,
The shadowed light of evening fell:
And where the maple's leaf was brown,
With soft and silent lapse came down
The glory, that the wood receives,
At sunset, in its brazen leaves.
Far upward in the mellow light
Rose the blue hills. One cloud of white,
Around a far uplifted cone,
In the warm blush of evening shone;
An image of the silver lakes,
By which the Indian's soul awakes.
But soon a funeral hymn was heard
Where the soft breath of evening stirred
The tall grey forest; and a band,
Of stern in heart and strong in hand,
Came winding down beside the wave,
To lay the red chief in his grave.
They sang, that by his native bowers
He stood, in the last moon of flowers,
And thirty snows had not yet shed
Their glory on the warrior's head;
But, as the summer fruit decays,
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin
Covered the warrior, and within
Its heavy folds the weapons, made
For the hard toils of war, were laid;
The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,
And the broad belt, of shells and beads.

Before, a dark haired virgin train
Chanted the death dirge of the slain;
Behind, the long procession came
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress,
Uncurbed, unreigned, and riderless,
With darting eye, and nostril spread,
And heavy and impatient tread,
He came; and oft that eye so proud,
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief; they freed
Beside the grave his battle steed;
And swift an arrow cleaved its way
To his stern heart! One piercing neigh
Arose,—and, on the dead man's plain,
The rider grasps his steed again.

WEDDING TACTICS;

OR, FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN SCHEMING MOTHERS ILLUSTRATED.

BY DR. LITCHFIELD.

Paris possesses, like every other capital of Europe, its peculiar characteristics; but in no other district does this character seem to the philosophic rambler so well defined, as the Quarter of St. Germain, the retreat of the Ancienne Noblesse of France, a mélange of splendour and squalor.

In a large and ill-furnished apartment of the Rue de Sévres, known by the *sobriquet* of the Rue des *Disgraciés*, facing the old Abbaye-aux-Bois, was seated a lady, perhaps fifty-five or sixty years of age. The features of Madame de Sergy gave evidence that she had once been beautiful, and the remnants of past splendour by which she was surrounded seemed to indicate that she had also been rich.

It was the month of October; a fire burned beneath a noble chimney-piece of black marble with antique carvings, but slowly, and with a cautious economy; a rug of green silk, grown yellow from use, lay upon the hearth, and reflected the flame of the fire upon a bed at the other end of the apartment. The bed was carefully enclosed by curtains of blue cotton, so that it was impossible to know whom it contained. The attention of Madame de Sergy was fixed invariably upon this couch. It held her favourite daughter.

But why was Mademoiselle de Sergy in bed at three o'clock in the day? Perhaps she was sick, and condemned to remain there by order of her physician: this seemed probable from the number of coffee cups and glasses which stood upon a small table beside the couch of the young lady. Nevertheless, the attitude and manner of Madame de Sergy seemed to denote attention rather than inquietude. She was silent, and appeared to render herself, more to brilliant reveries than maternal solicitude. What then was the mystery?—The arrival of two new personages in the chamber may develop this.

At the instant that Madame de Sergy was most deeply ensconced in her arm-chair and her reveries, the door, which was behind her, opened without noise, and an old gentleman appeared, preceded by a young lady. It was M. de Sergy and his eldest daughter Matilda.

"Maria sleeps," said the old lady, lifting both her hands as if to invoke silence.

Matilda turned towards the bed of her sister with a countenance full of tenderness, at the same time quietly placing a chair for her father. But the latter, instead of seating himself, threw his arms behind him, and began pacing the little bit of carpet from one end to the other, taking the precaution, however, to avoid making a noise.

"Madame," said he at last, in a smothered tone, "you will kill your child."

"Speak lower," said Madame de Sergy, without being disconcerted.

But as the old man seemed less and less disposed to attend to the recommendation, she beckoned him into the adjoining room, requesting Matilda, at the same time, by a sign, to watch her sister.

"I tell you," repeated M. de Sergy, that you will kill your child. Every night at a ball dancing, and all day in bed sleeping, and living upon barley-water. This cannot last. Two winters of this will kill her."

"Wait awhile, and she will be married," replied the old lady in an assured tone.

"Married!" cried M. de Sergy, not knowing whether to contradict or believe.

"Listen to me, my friend," said the lady, The old man sank into a chair, with a gesture of impatience.

"The Baroness de Mauvoyn," she continued, "called upon me yesterday; you know how much we are devoted to each other, and what efforts she has made to find an eligible partner for our child."

"Not very successful ones."

"This time all promises well, as you shall hear. Last summer she encountered, at the baths of Baden, a Russian Prince."

"A Russian Prince!"

"Yes, a Russian Prince! She learnt that he was desirous of marrying a French lady; that he was about to pass the winter in Paris, and with perfect disinterestedness, for she has a daughter of her own, she has promised to introduce Maria to Prince Hirkoff."

"Hirkoff?"

"Yes, that is his name."

"Hum!"

"The Baroness," continued the lady, without noticing the exclamation, "has received a visit from him, at which he repeated his intention of seeking a wife in Paris. He also, indirectly, requested her to interest herself in his behalf, and enumerated the qualities he desired in a wife. He is rich, and therefore does not need a fortune."

"Of course, no lover admits that he is in search of fortune."

"He only requires a lady of honourable rank."

"Well."

"And desires that his wife should possess talent. In the first place she must paint; now, I ask you, what female amateur paints a better portrait than Maria?"

"A portrait! but that can hardly be called painting."

"It is painting of the best description. You know nothing of the fine arts, my friend, and cannot tell. Secondly, the Prince requires that the lady of his choice shall have a fine voice, and where will he find one more delightful than that of Maria? Thirdly, she must be twenty years of age."

"But Maria is twenty-two."

"Twenty, M. de Sergy."

"Twenty-two. Morbleu! I suppose I know the age of my child."

"You calculate by the old nurse's data, which are wrong. Fourthly, the Prince prefers a blonde, and you know that our daughter has a fair complexion and light hair."

"Light! diable! You pretended that Maria had dark hair to the gentleman who professed to admire it last month."

"The hair of a young lady may vary in colour every month in the year, M. de Sergy, although auburn, chestnut, or black, in early youth. The Prince also desires a sentimental young lady, and you know that Maria —"

"Maria passes in laughter and play all the time that is not spent in sleep."

"Well, and what of that? She loves to read romances that make her weep, and is not that sentiment?"

"Suppose it to be, and still what does all this amount to? There are plenty of demoiselles, twenty years of age, who know how to paint, to sing, and be sentimental; and who, moreover, have fortunes."

"True, and this is what I said to the Baroness. But she is convinced that the Prince has no other acquaintances in Paris, and she has no doubt from what he said, that he will select from among the ladies at her ball this evening, the one whom he intends to honour with his preference; she has, therefore, cautiously avoided inviting any young ladies but those who are dark or plain. She will also contrive it so that Maria shall sing at a late hour of the evening, after every one else, so as to make a last impression. You know, also, that her daughter, Eugenia, has arrived this morning with her father, the Baron, from the country, and so the portrait which Maria executed of her friend, and which resembles her amazingly, is to be placed on the mantel-piece in face of the original, that the Prince may appreciate all the merit of the work. You see nothing could be better arranged."

"I see—I see."

"And that we are at last assured of a son-in-law, if ever —"

"Assured! All those you have lost seemed as sure as this one, Madame; and independent of the difficulties I have mentioned, to see a Russian Prince tumbling from the skies upon us, seems rather romantic."

"Romantic! Ah! I see, M. de Sergy, that which I have told you a hundred times, you do not sufficiently appreciate the merits of your daughter."

"My daughter! Morbleu! is a pretty and an excellent girl, and I wish she was married to a king; but it is not less true that she lacks the essentials—I can give her no fortune; and—Russian Princes.—But you have the management of the affair, and I leave it to your direction, on condition that this ball is the last for the present, and that Maria may in future be permitted to sleep at night, and rise in the day like other simple mortals."

Having said thus much, M. de Sergy departed on his usual afternoon promenade, which he took with the regularity of a two-penny postman, and Madame de Sergy returned to the chamber of her daughter.

The Sergys were a family of the old nobility, attached to the elder branch of the Bourbons, and ruined by the Revolution of July. An annuity of 240*l.* per annum, under the more imposing denomination of 6,000 francs, was all that remained of their property. Matilda and Maria were therefore doomed to languish in a state of poverty, distressing for persons of their high rank, and even this small sum failed them at the death of M. de Sergy. The only means of snatching them from the dangers of the future consisted in getting them married. Satisfied of the importance of this truth, Madame de Sergy had applied all the energies of her mind to the task of seeking a husband for her daughter Matilda; and as this young lady had passed into the sear and yellow leaf, all her hopes became centered in her daughter Maria.

To see her daughter married was the only fixed idea of the poor old lady. She lived, thought, spoke, breathed only with this desire; and as she imagined Maria to be the very *Phœnix* of her sex, she built all her hopes upon this infirm foundation. She thought her daughter need only be seen to command admiration. It was desirable, therefore, to exhibit

her again and again. During summer she was to be seen every day in the Tuilleries; during winter, every evening at the ball: in short, her daughter was made a perpetual exhibition, and apart from a certain coldness of heart, the result of her artificial life, might be thought an agreeable person.

Far from being jealous of her sister, Matilda voluntarily forgot her own interests in studying those of Maria. She waited upon her, performed the offices of her attendant with indefatigable devotion, and was her adviser and guardian angel in all things. But Matilda was above the paltry passions of life. She was one of those celestial spirits, who are placed upon earth to edify us with their virtues, and exhibit the practical serenity which the philosopher finds it so difficult to attain.

As to M. de Sergy, he was neither more nor less than what the world calls a good sort of man. Too reasonable to be duped by the illusions of his wife, and yet too feeble to prevent her from running after the shadows which she invoked, he abandoned all authority in his own house, and suffered affairs to take their own course, regardless of the future, or perhaps calculating upon some happy chance which should reinstate him in his fortunes, satisfied, for the present to make his daily tour of Paris with his accustomed regularity.

While he is achieving this promenade, it is necessary that we should return to the chamber of Maria.

She had risen when Madame de Sergy re-entered, and her first inquiry was respecting the hour. Like the living idols, whom the Priests of Japan elevate before the people during the day, and who are not liberated till night, she sought to know how long she had to wait before her existence recommenced. Her mother replied by offering a glass of barley water, which she took like an invalid; and advising her for the present to repose on the sofa, she began speaking of the ball of the Baroness, with a view to instruct her daughter in the part she was to play.

"My child," said Madame de Sergy, "you must summon up all your beauty this evening, the Baroness has a project —"

"Another scheme!" said Maria, with a burst of laughter at recollecting all the unfortunate plans of her mother and the Baroness.

"Yes," continued the mother, "you will see at the ball this evening a cavalier, who will certainly pay you more attention than any other young lady, and with whom you need not mind how often you dance."

"Is he possessed of all the necessary credentials?" said Maria, still laughing.

"Yes," replied the old lady, seriously; "and as he will certainly distinguish you, I trust, in return you will succeed in making a powerful impression."

"And who is this gallant and complacent cavalier?" said the young lady.

"A chivalrous knight of the olden times," said Matilda, "in the person of a Russian Prince."

"A Russian Prince?" said Maria in a more sober tone.

"A Russian Prince," repeated her Mamma, dwelling with emphasis on each syllable.

Madame de Sergy then took possession of a corner of the sofa on which her daughter was lying, and commenced the necessary lesson with an explanation of the convention she had formed with the Baroness. The Prince, she said, was of a character indisposed to submit to external influence and desirous of making his own choice. Madame de Mauvoyn had determined therefore to distinguish Maria only by the attention which she proposed to pay her during the evening. She had spoken to the Prince of the Sergys as the dearest and most intimate of friends; and when the noble stranger was once placed in the way of Maria's charms, it was for her to justify all that had been said in her favour. Having concluded all her arguments on this point, Madame de Sergy entreated her daughter to make a careful toilette, to which end she had ordered from Palmyre, the Maradan-Carsan of Paris, a rich and expensive robe.

"A new dress by Palmyre!" said the young lady, bounding from her sofa.

The announcement had touched that chord in her heart which was the most sensible; and it required no less than two glasses of barley-water to enable her to sustain the transports by which she was agitated.

Matilda was less joyful, though still serene; she knew that this toilette had cost her mother the savings of the whole year.

When seven o'clock arrived, Maria rose from her recumbent position to commence the labours of her toilette. Her chamber was thought too small for the important day, and fire was therefore lighted in the grand saloon. The various parts of the new dress were laid out upon the *fauteuils*, and the young lady passed a whole half-hour in contemplating their beauties, falling from one ecstasy into another, and vaulting like a butterfly among flowers, from the robe to the mantle, and then from the ribands to the wreath.

Matilda entered upon the various duties of hair-dresser, and *femme-de-chambre*, and first the fraternal camistress attacked the hair of her sister with combs, brushes, perfume, and all the tact of a genuine *artiste*, while Madame de Sergy, happy to contribute to the grand and crowning labour of her life, heated and carried the curling-tongs to her eldest daughter.—After all the preliminary labour was completed, Matilda adjusted the robe of Palmyre to her sister's form, and closing the *corsage* in its smallest fold, attached the mantle to it with a hundred invisible pins, and then returning to the hair, trained it to fall in rich clusters over the fair and delicate neck, placing one full-blown white rose in the head, to contrast the purity of the beautiful blonde's complexion.

When the idol was completely decorated, she was made to pass to and fro before her mother and sister, in order that they might judge of the effect of the *tout ensemble*. She afterwards examined the various details herself in each of the different mirrors, from the comb on the summit of her head to the little white feet in the satin slippers, and then presented herself to receive the kiss of approbation upon her forehead from her mother and sister, with the self-satisfied air with which Napoleon might have been supposed to address his army after a triumph—"Soldiers, I am satisfied with your conduct!"

At this moment M. de Sergy entered, and was permitted to contem-

plate the beauties of his child. After another short delay he was ordered to procure a coach for the family, which he did with his accustomed quiet resignation.

Lest the dress should be injured, or Maria should suffer inconvenience in riding with her back to the horses, the whole of the hinder seat was devoted to her use, while her mother, and elder sister contrived to stuff themselves into the opposite one, and thus with agitated hearts they departed for the ball.

Far from the circumstance of a noble Russian lord travelling from the Baths of Baden to Paris to seek a French lady for his wife being a jest, the Prince Hirkoff really disliked or pretended to dislike his own country, and desired to fix his residence in France. He was a fine young man about thirty years of age, with a dash of the Tartar in his features, but possessing a charming manner. Indeed, it was suspected that he was one of the St. Petersburg exquisites, sent officially to console the fair Parisiennes for the horrors of the allied invasion, and the ferocity of the Don Cossacks.

With respect to his quality of Prince, and the situation of the estates whence the title was derived, he was not particularly communicative, replying negligently to those who inquired that there were as many Prince doms in Russia as Baronies in England, and Marquises in France. As to the rest, he reported that he was a distant cousin of the Czar, that he enjoyed an income of 200,000 livres per annum, and was heir to a still more considerable estate.

He had just arrived at the house of the Baroness, and was paying his compliments to the lady, when the Sergys were announced. "He is here!" said Madame de Sergy, grasping convulsively the arm of her daughter, and arranging the graceful folds of her robe.

Maria had discovered the Prince as promptly as her mother, and was struck with his imposing appearance. A slight blush covered her cheeks as he turned his eyes towards the advancing party, and her mother seized the happy moment for introducing her to the Baroness. The Prince took a step in arrear, but without retiring, and seemed smitten with the charms of Maria, but could not suppress an almost imperceptible smile at the obvious anxiety of the mother. The conversation shortly after took a general turn, and Maria, in reply to certain inquiries of the Prince, supported her part of the conversation with the modest ease of a person accustomed to society. Madame de Sergy, no longer able to contain herself, and exulting in the wished-for conquest, gave utterance to more than one little extravagance, which Matilda in vain endeavoured to conceal from the observation of those around her.

The orchestra commenced playing a quadrille, and the anxious parent looked inquiringly at the Prince, convinced that he would ask the hand of her daughter for the first dance. She was astonished, however, to perceive that he had already selected Mademoiselle Eugenie de Mauvoi, the newly-returned daughter of their hostess, for his partner.

"He must have been engaged to her before we arrived," murmured the old lady to her husband, who replied only by a shake of the head, a feeble sigh, and a slight elevation of the shoulders.

"But," thought he, not daring to make the observation to his wife, "the daughter of the Baroness is fairer and far more sentimental than our child."

At a later period of the evening, however, he began to participate in all the hopes of Madame de Sergy. Prince Hirkoff seemed to consecrate his whole time to Maria. He danced several quadrilles with her, and was her partner in the gay waltz still more frequently. During their short encounters his conversation was animated and kind; he spoke of the connexion of her family with that of the Baroness, of its close and intimate character, of the virtues of her friends, of her more charming portrait of Eugenie, and analysed its smallest details, and praised the fidelity with which the fair *artiste* had imitated the traits of her charming friend. He also listened with lively interest to the description given by Maria of her early life, and which included that of Eugenie, for they had been educated and brought up together.

It was natural that all this should make an impression upon Maria, and accordingly every time that the young lady seated herself, during the intervals of the dance, at the side of her mother, she replied to the usual interrogatory of her honoured parent—"He is indeed a charming person!"—and how important and significant was this declaration! upon it Madame de Sergy built a world of anticipations, repeating them with triumphant assurance to her husband, while the gentle Matilda silently prayed that their hopes might not be disappointed.

In spite of the remonstrances of M. de Sergy, who was seriously alarmed for the health of his daughter, the party continued till a very late hour. When only a few of the most intimate friends remained, the Baroness, under the pretext of keeping them a few minutes longer, conducted Maria to the piano-forte, where she and Eugenie sang the duet *La Norma*. The Prince suffered not a single note to escape him, and offered numerous compliments to Mlle. de Sergy, and also to Mlle. de Mauvoi, upon the performance. The Baroness took advantage of the time occupied by her friends at the instrument to exchange a private word or two with Madame de Sergy.

"Well, my dear friend," said the former.

"Well, Baroness."

"What think you of the progress of the affair?"

"And you?"

"That all goes well!"

"Charmingly!"

"Charmingly indeed!"

"During the whole evening he has been talking of your family," said the Baroness, "and of our long-continued friendship."

"To me also. He has made our long friendship the theme of his discourse."

"Do you not divine the reason?"

"I suppose —"

"He is desirous of ascertaining whether our long intimacy will justify him in presenting himself at your house after this meeting."

"Do you think so?"

"You will see."

While this sweet assurance seemed to transport Mde. de Sergy into the third Heaven, she saw in the mirror the Prince approaching, leading her daughter from the piano.

Perceiving that the Sergys were about to send for a coach, he entreated the honour of conducting them in his own.

Upon hearing this proposition, which seemed to confirm in so flattering a manner the predictions of the Baroness, Mde. de Sergy felt her heart flutter with joy, and her head ache with excess of pleasure. She accepted the offer with a thousand thanks, and accompanied the acceptance with a reverence such as she never made except in the good old times before the king.

"But we shall incommod the Prince," observed the injudicious M. de Sergy.

"My dear," replied the dame, briskly, "as the Prince is so kind—are you mad?" she continued in the tone of command which her husband so well understood.

The good dame, who suffered nothing to escape her observation, remembered that shutting up five persons in one vehicle might give rise to a degree of familiarity which augured the happiest consequences.

In fact, the acquaintance advanced so rapidly on the road home, that the Prince took his leave of the ladies, promising "to do himself the honour of waiting upon them at an early moment."

"We shall be sure then to see him here," said Mde. de Sergy, mounting gaily the three long flights of steps which led to her apartment in the ancient mansion.

During the whole of the ensuing week the Sergys lived upon this hope, and in this anticipation a complete revolution was effected in the house, to the great damage of their little revenue.

After seven long days of lingering anxiety, during which the ladies never left the house, and which were passed by them in the gaily decked saloon, trembling at every ring of the bell, the Prince really made his appearance.

His first visit was short, and somewhat less significant than the assembled Sergys anticipated; nevertheless Mde. de Sergy found time to show her noble visiter Maria's portfolio of drawings, and to give him an opportunity of again listening to her dulcet voice. The Prince was prodigal of his compliments, and declared that he was so isolated in Paris, that he should think himself but too happy in being permitted to repeat his visit very soon.

Exactly three days after, Mde. de Sergy ordered her husband to return the visit, and the simple man not finding the Prince at home, contented himself with leaving his card, instead of waiting his return or making a second call.

Mde. de Sergy was justly incensed:—"Leaving a card or message led to nothing," she remarked; "a personal interview alone advanced the affair."

M. de Sergy promised to do better another time.

Two more weeks elapsed, and yet nothing was seen of the Prince; the inquietude of the good dame became insupportable, and she therefore sent to the Baroness to enquire what had become of him.

He had been there two or three times, and had spoken warmly and repeatedly of the Sergys.

"Good, good!" said the thoughtful mother: "he seeks information respecting us. He is quite right, and we are, happily, in good hands with our friends, the Mauvoys. At the same time, we must be cautious; the first step is the most important."

The Prince repeated his visit at the end of three weeks. He made a thousand excuses for his long absence, and spoke of the pain it had caused him, in such a manner as to impress all the family with a conviction of his sincerity. Madame de Sergy felt this, and addressed him in return with all the freedom of a dear friend. The Prince appeared delighted with this confidence, and, after a most satisfactory interview of two hours' duration, prepared to take his departure, but first entreated the honour of being allowed to conduct the ladies on the following day to the royal races on the Champ de Mars.

This proposition almost amounted to a declaration, at least in the mature judgment of Madame de Sergy. Accordingly, without deigning to consult her husband or her children, she determined, like the Spanish General when he burnt his ships, and resolved upon the conquest of Peru, to terminate the matter by a grand *coup*, and invite the Prince to dine with them on the day of the races.

At the word dinner, which Madame de Sergy pronounced with a certain trepidation of voice, Maria felt a deep blush suffuse her cheeks: and Matilda, pale and trembling, exchanged with her father a look of anguish and surprise.

The Prince, far from suspecting the nature of their feelings, readily accepted the invitation, and, on rising, promised to be with the ladies at two o'clock on the following day. He placed his calèche at the disposal of the family, and said that he would accompany them himself on horseback. Madame de Sergy would have protested against this arrangement, but, without giving her sufficient time, he retired in haste, insisting upon it.

After his departure a scene ensued between the father, mother, and Matilda, of which it is impossible to repeat the details. The poor family, half ruined by the little disbursements of the preceding month, and by the extravagant outlay for the ball, could not offer to the Prince a sufficiently elegant repast without sacrificing in one day the revenue of the ensuing quarter. But, on the other hand, as Madame de Sergy affirmed, the presence of the Prince at the family dinner was an *immense* step, perhaps a decisive one. This was the point; and the good dame affirmed, that, in matrimonial as in other speculations, those who risked nothing gained nothing. And thus opposing to the inconveniences of the expenditure the probable advantages by which it would be followed, she succeeded in proving, by her own inimitable logic, that the chances were at least a hundred to one in favour of the success of her plan!

The next morning Matilda and her mother rose almost with the sun.

All the household arrangements were again passed in review, every necessary inquiry made, and the different things required for the approaching banquet were purchased or hired, including an additional domestic; the family council was next assembled to debate upon the various courses for dinner; many expensive dishes were determined upon, and nearly a thousand francs condemned, when the council was suddenly interrupted by an express from the Baroness.

"The Prince," she wrote, "informed me last evening, with an air of marked attention, that he intended to have some conversation with you to-day of a most important nature. I have, therefore, hastened to communicate to you this joyful intelligence."

Without doubt, this important conversation must mean the demand for her daughter's hand. So sweet a conviction was worth all they had suffered. The dinner-list was again introduced, but now that assurance was become doubly sure, their extravagance knew no bounds, and the consideration of the matter was dismissed upon the suggestion of Madame de Sergy, that it was better to give Verey, of the Palais Royal, a *carte-blanche*, and leave it to his discretion to furnish all the delicacies of the season. Even M. de Sergy himself was carried away by the general enthusiasm, and was persuaded by his excellent helpmate to hurry off with the necessary orders.

The Prince was exact to his time, and means were found to create him a vacant place in the carriage by the side of Maria. Matilda made an excuse, and was happy in resigning her own gratification to administer to that of her sister. During the drive the conversation frequently touched upon marriage, and was full of hints under delicate but distant allusions, on the part of the Prince, to his own happiness. The races were magnificent. The Prince gained a prize of a thousand crowns, and the party returned in the most joyous temper to dinner.

The Prince was seated at table between Maria and her mother; he seemed to feel that his footing in the family was that of a bosom friend, and yet, at times, he was absorbed in thought, like a man whose mind is occupied with a grave and important project. While discussing the dessert this feeling appeared involuntarily to prevail, and Madame de Sergy, with the nice discrimination which marks the character of her sex, perceived that the important minute had nearly arrived. She therefore signified to Matilda and Maria to leave the room, so that he might unbosom himself without reserve.

And was not this a moment of awful solemnity? The hopes of two poor and aged mortals suspended upon so frail a thread, and awaiting but a word from the opulent young man, who had unconsciously ruined them: and this word, too, a sentence of life or death! for it was destined to place upon their brows a diadem more rich than that which had once encircled them in early youth, or to press down with a leaden weight the crown of thorns which poverty had planted upon their grey heads!

Now that the moment for hearing the explanation had arrived, doubt began to succeed to the confidence of the aged couple, and an inward voice whispered that they had, perhaps, suffered their hopes and desires to mislead them. Matilda had fallen upon her knees in the adjoining chamber in prayer. Maria was agitated by a feeling hitherto unknown to her. The young stranger had vanquished all her artificial coldness, and if the sentiment by which she was shaken was not love, it was, at least, exceedingly like it in its effects.

The Prince, at last, arrived by an indirect route at the conversation he was desirous to introduce, and, without leaving M. de Sergy out of the pale of the discussion, continued chiefly to address himself to the old lady, who was by far the most communicative.

"Madame," said he, "I shall never cease to felicitate myself upon the happy hazard which introduced me to the Baroness de Mauvoys; first, because it procured me the honour of her friendship—and secondly, because, by this means, I have also obtained yours."

"You are very good, Sir," replied the dame, "to speak of these advantages in the same light; but it is for us to felicitate ourselves. Indeed, we consider your friendship one of the most important obligations we owe the Baroness."

"It is a beautiful and a touching thing, Madame, the devoted affection which unites her family with yours."

The obstinacy with which the Prince carried all these conversations to the same point, struck Madame de Sergy with the conviction that he was determined to make this ancient intimacy the means of introducing his wishes with regard to her daughter, just as it had been the means of his first introduction to her. Desirous of aiding him, she replied—

"Madame de Mauvoys is a very dear friend, and has always been most anxious for my daughter's happiness."

"The Baroness," replied the Prince, with an air of abstraction, "belongs to a rich an ancient house in Dauphiny."

"Several of her relations reside at Grenoble, and all her estates are in the neighbourhood of that city."

"Her fortune is not considerable?"

"I beg pardon, it exceeds a million."

"Ah! indeed! Your daughter was brought up with the only child of the Baroness!"

"Until the age of thirteen they were brought up in Dauphiny. Since then they have completed their education together in Paris."

"The Baroness is a superior woman, and her daughter appears to be a charming character."

"Charming, indeed! full of placidity and sweetness: less of vivacity, perhaps, and, also, of sensibility, than Maria—"

"She is a good musician, and understands painting?" said the Prince, still more half absorbed in his reveries.

"She plays occasionally, and practices drawing with my daughter."

M. de Sergy, who listened attentively to this dialogue, perceived that the Prince was thinking of Mademoiselle de Mauvoys alone, while Madame de Sergy was thinking only of her daughter. This *quid pro quo* caused him great inquietude, and a mortal presentiment shot through his heart.

"I said he, with a feeble and trembling voice, "the Prince is inter-

ested in the circumstances of the Mauvoys, he cannot address himself to any one who knows them better than ourselves."

The Prince blushed a little, was confused, but did not reply, and fell again into a thoughtful mood.

The old people exchanged looks of indefinable anxiety.

"Indeed," continued the Prince, after a pause, "I do not know why it is that I hesitate to speak to you with a frank and open heart."

He turned for an instant towards the chamber by which Maria had disappeared, as though she was the object of his secret thoughts, or else to assure himself that no one listened; once again a ray of hope broke from the eyes of Madame de Sergy, and she had to struggle to repress the violent beating of her heart.

"It is now more than a month," continued the Prince, "since I arrived in Paris. Madame de Mauvoys had promised to introduce me to her friends, and I could not help remarking at her ball that she treated you more affectionately than any of her numerous acquaintances; from that moment I was desirous of the honour of your intimacy, and you have kindly responded to the desire. Now, that I know your family, I felicitate myself on your acquaintance, solely from the happiness it affords me: but I must admit that I had an interested motive in first making my advances to you at the ball. From the moment I first beheld the young lady of whom I am about to speak, I knew that she was the woman who was destined to make me happy. Since then I have been strengthened in the conviction, and, without opening my mind to any one, I took the resolution of offering her my hand. But, before doing this, I was desirous of acquiring some information, which is necessary in a matter so grave and important. Thus, then, I have stated frankly the first motive which induced me to seek your acquaintance. Will you, then, suffer me to ask you whether Mademoiselle de Mauvoys—"

The Prince had not time to proceed further. Madame de Sergy in vain endeavoured to conceal the thousand emotions which filled her heart to bursting, and, at the utterance of this name, fell back upon the sofa in a deep swoon.

The same evening, without suspecting any thing of the domestic drama, in which he had played the part of an involuntary hero, and which he had innocently terminated with a *dénouement* so terrible, Prince Hirkoff demanded of the Baron de Mauvoys the hand of his daughter, which he obtained, and the marriage was solemnised a month after.

The Prince, so far faithful to his promise of not seeking a large fortune with his wife, contented himself with the moderate dowry of three hundred thousand livres. The Baroness, equally faithful in her attachment to the Sergys, had merely used Maria as a foil for her own daughter, and now took care to present them with a magnificent bridal present of Sevres china, fragile as her own faith.

A few months only have elapsed, and Madame de Sergy continues the victim of a distressing and incurable nervous disease. Maria is now the nurse. M. de Sergy is already ten years older in appearance, and is by no means so regular in his daily promenades; and Matilda secretly gives lessons in music to eke out their means of existence.

THE GRAND PRIOR OF MINORCA.

A VERITABLE GHOST STORY—BY GEOFFREY CRAYON.

FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER.

"Keep my wits, heaven! They say spirits appear
To melancholy minds, and the graves open!" FLETCHER.

About the middle of the last century, while the Knights of Saint John of Jerusalem still maintained something of their ancient state and sway in the Island of Malta, a tragical event took place there, which is the ground work of the following narrative.

It may be as well to premise, that at the time we are treating of, the order of Saint John of Jerusalem, grown excessively wealthy, had degenerated from its originally devout and warlike character. Instead of being a hardy body of "monk-knights," sworn soldiers of the cross, fighting the Paynim in the Holy Land, or scouring the Mediterranean, and scouring the Barbary coasts with their galleys, or feeding the poor, and attending upon the sick at their hospitals, they led a life of luxury and libertinism, and were to be found in the most voluptuous courts of Europe. The order, in fact, had become a mode of providing for the needy branches of the Catholic aristocracy of Europe. "A commandery," we are told, was a splendid provision for a younger brother; and men of rank, however dissolute provided they belonged to the highest aristocracy, became Knights of Malta, just as they did bishops, or colonels of regiments, or court chamberlains. After a brief residence at Malta, the knights passed the rest of their time in their own countries, or only made a visit now and then to the island. While there, having but little military duty to perform, they beguiled their idleness by paying attentions to the fair.

There was one circle of society, however, into which they could not obtain currency. This was composed of a few families of the old Maltese nobility, natives of the island. These families, not being permitted to enrol any of their members in the order, affected to hold no intercourse with its chevaliers; admitting none into their exclusive coteries, but the Grand Master, whom they acknowledged as their sovereign, and the members of the chapter which composed his council.

To indemnify themselves for this exclusion, the chevaliers carried their gallantries into the next class of society, composed of those who held civil, administrative and judicial situations. The ladies of this class were called *honoratae*, or honourables, to distinguish them from the inferior orders; and among them were many of superior grace, beauty and fascination.

Even in this more hospitable class, the chevaliers were not all equally favoured. Those of Germany had the decided preference, owing to their fair and fresh complexions, and the kindness of their manners: next to these, came the Spanish cavaliers, on account of their profound and courteous devotion, and most discreet secrecy. Singular as it may seem, the chevaliers of France fared the worst. The Maltese ladies dreaded their

volatility, and their proneness to boast of their amours, and shunned all entanglement with them. They were forced, therefore, to content themselves with conquests among females of the lower orders. They revenged themselves, after the gay French manner, by making the "honorata" the objects of all kinds of jests and mystifications; by prying into their tender affairs with the more favoured chevaliers, and making them the theme of song and epigram.

About this time, a French vessel arrived at Malta, bringing out a distinguished personage of the order of Saint John of Jerusalem, the Commander de Foulquerre, who came to solicit the post of commander in chief of the galleys. He was descended from an old and warrior line of French nobility, his ancestors having long been seneschals of Poitou, and claiming descent from the first counts of Angouleme.

The arrival of the commander caused a little uneasiness among the peacably inclined, for he bore the character, in the island, of being fiery, arrogant and quarrelsome. He had already been three times at Malta, and on each visit had signalized himself by some rash and deadly affray. As he was now thirty-five years of age, however, it was hoped that time might have taken off the fiery edge of his spirit, and that he might prove more quiet and sedate than formerly. The commander set up an establishment befitting his rank and pretensions; for he arrogated to himself an importance greater even than that of the Grand Master. His house immediately became the rallying place of all the young French chevaliers. They informed him of all the slights they had experienced or imagined, and indulged their petulant and satirical vein at the expense of the honorata and their admirers. The chevaliers of other nations soon found the topics and tone of conversation at the commander's irksome and offensive, and gradually ceased to visit there. The commander remained the head of the national *clique*, who looked up to him as their model. If he was not as boisterous and quarrelsome as formerly, he had become haughty and overbearing. He was fond of talking over his past affairs of punctilio and bloody duel. When walking the streets, he was generally attended by a ruffling train of young cavaliers, who caught his own air of assumption and bravado. These he would conduct to the scenes of his deadly encounters, point out the very spot where each fatal lunge had been given, and dwell vaingloriously on every particular.

Under his tuition, the young French chevaliers began to add bluster and arrogance to their former petulance and levity; they fired up on the most trivial occasions, particularly with those who had been most successful with the fair; and would put on the most intolerable drawcansir airs.—The other chevaliers conducted themselves with all possible forbearance and reserve; but they saw it would be impossible to keep on long, in this manner, without coming to an open rupture.

Among the Spanish cavaliers, was one named Don Luis de Lima Vasconcellos. He was distantly related to the Grand Master; and had been enrolled at an early age among his pages, but had been rapidly promoted by him, until, at the age of twenty-six, he had been given the richest Spanish commandery in the order. He had, moreover, been fortunate with the fair, with one of whom, the most beautiful honorata of Malta he had long maintained the most tender correspondence.

The character, rank, and connexions of Don Luis put him on a par with the imperious Commander de Foulquerre, and pointed him out as a leader and champion to his countrymen. The Spanish chevaliers repaired to him, therefore, in a body; represented all the grievances they had sustained, and the evils they apprehended, and urged him to use his influence with the commander and his adherents to put a stop to the growing abuses.

Don Luis was gratified by this mark confidence and esteem, on the part of his countrymen, and promised to have an interview with the Commander de Foulquerre on the subject. He resolved to conduct himself with the utmost caution and delicacy on the occasion; to represent to the commander the evil consequences which might result from the inconsiderate conduct of the young French chevaliers, and to entreat him to exert the great influence he so deservedly possessed over them, to restrain their excesses. Don Luis was aware, however, of the peril that attended any interview of the kind with this imperious and fractious man, and apprehended, however it might commence, that it would terminate in a duel. Still, it was an affair of honour, in which Castilian dignity was concerned; beside, he had a lurking disgust at the overbearing manners of De Foulquerre, and perhaps had been somewhat offended by certain intrusive attentions which he had presumed to pay to the beautiful honorata.

It was now Holy Week; a time too sacred for worldly feuds and passions, especially in a community under the dominion of a religious order: it was agreed, therefore, that the dangerous interview in question should not take place until after the Easter holydays. It is probable, from subsequent circumstances, that the Commander de Foulquerre had some information of this arrangement among the Spanish chevaliers, and was determined to be beforehand, and to mortify the pride of their champion, who was thus preparing to read him a lecture. He chose Good Friday for his purpose. On this sacred day, it is customary in Catholic countries to make a tour of all the churches, offering up prayers in each. In every Catholic church, as is well known, there is a vessel of holy water near the door. In this, every one, on entering, dips his fingers, and makes therewith the sign of the cross on his forehead and breast. An office of gallantry, among the young Spaniards, is to stand near the door, dip their hands in the holy vessel, and extend them courteously and respectfully to any lady of their acquaintance who may enter; who thus receives the sacred water at second hand, on the tips of her fingers, and proceeds to cross herself, with all due decorum. The Spaniards, who are the most jealous of lovers, are impatient when this piece of devotional gallantry is proffered to the object of their affections by any other hand: on Good Friday, therefore, when a lady makes a tour of the churches, it is the usage among them for the inamorato to follow her from church to church, so as to present her the holy water at the door of each: thus testifying his own devotion, and at the same time preventing the officious services of a rival.

On the day in question, Don Luis followed the beautiful honorata, to whom, as has already been observed, he had long been devoted. At the very first church she visited, the Comunander de Foulquerre was stationed

at the portal, with several of the young French chevaliers about him. Before Don Luis could offer her the holy water, he was anticipated by the commander, who thrust himself between them, and, while he performed the gallant office to the lady, rudely turned his back upon her admirer, and trod upon his feet. The insult was enjoyed by the young Frenchmen who were present: it was too deep and grave to be forgiven by Spanish pride; and at once put an end to all Don Luis' plans of caution and forbearance. He repressed his passion for the moment, however, and waited until all the parties left the church; then, accosting the commander with an air of coolness and unconcern, he inquired after his health, and asked to what church he proposed making his second visit. 'To the Magisterial Church of Saint John.' Don Luis offered to conduct him thither, by the shortest route. His offer was accepted, apparently without suspicion, and they proceeded together. After walking some distance, they entered a long, narrow lane, without door or window opening upon it, called the 'Strada Stretta,' or narrow street. It was a street in which duels were tacitly permitted, or connived at, in Malta, and were suffered to pass as accidental encounters. Every where else, they were prohibited. This restriction had been instituted to diminish the number of duels, formerly so frequent in Malta. As a farther precaution to render these encounters less, it was an offence, punishable with death, for any one to enter this street armed with either poniard or pistol. It was a lonely, dismal street, just wide enough for two men to stand upon their guard, and cross their swords; few persons ever traversed it, unless with some sinister design; and on any preconcerted duello, the seconds posted themselves at each end, to stop all passengers, and prevent interruption.

In the present instance, the parties had scarce entered the street when Don Luis drew his sword, and called upon the commander to defend himself.

De Foulquerre was evidently taken by surprise: he drew back, and attempted to expostulate; but Don Luis persisted in defying him to the combat.

After a second or two, he likewise drew his sword, but immediately lowered the point.

'Good Friday!' ejaculated he, shaking his head: 'one word with you; it is full six years since I have been in a confessional: I am shocked at the state of my conscience; but within three days—that is to say, on Monday next—'

Don Luis would listen to nothing. Though naturally of a peaceable disposition, he had been stung to fury, and people of that character, when once incensed, are deaf to reason. He compelled the commander to put himself on his guard. The latter, though a man accustomed to brawl and battle, was singularly dismayed. Terror was visible in all his features. He placed himself with his back to the wall, and the weapons were crossed. The contest was brief and fatal. At the very first thrust, the sword of Don Luis passed through the body of his antagonist. The commander staggered to the wall, and leaned against it.

'On Good Friday!' ejaculated he again, with a failing voice, and despairing accents. 'Heaven pardon you!' added he; 'take my sword to Teteouques, and have a hundred masses performed in the chapel of the castle, for the repose of my soul!' With these words he expired.

The fury of Don Luis was at an end. He stood aghast, gazing at the bleeding body of the commander. He called to mind the prayer of the deceased for three days' respite, to make his peace with heaven; he had refused it; had sent him to the grave, with all his sins upon his head! His conscience smote him to the core; he gathered up the sword of the commander, which he had been enjoined to take to Teteouques, and hurried from the fatal Strada Stretta.

The duel of course made a great noise in Malta, but had no injurious effect on the worldly fortunes of Don Luis. He made a full declaration of the whole matter, before the proper authorities; the Chapter of the Order considered it one of those casual encounters of the Strada Stretta, which were mourned over, but tolerated; the public, by whom the late commander had been generally detested, declared that he had deserved his fate. It was but three days after the event, that Don Luis was advanced to one of the highest dignities of the Order, being invested by the Grand Master with the priorship of the kingdom of Minorca.

From that time forward, however, the whole character and conduct of Don Luis underwent a change. He became a prey to a dark melancholy which nothing could assuage. The most austere piety, the severest penances, had no effect in allaying the horror which preyed upon his mind. He was absent for a long time from Malta; having gone, it was said, on remote pilgrimages: when he returned, he was more haggard than ever. There seemed something mysterious and inexplicable in this disorder of his mind. The following is the revelation made by himself, of the horrible visions or chimeras by which he was haunted:

'When I had made my declaration before the Chapter,' said he, 'and my provocations were publicly known, I had made my peace with man; but it was not so with God, nor with my confessor, nor with my own conscience. My act was doubly criminal, from the day on which it was committed, and from my refusal to a delay of three days, for the victim of my resentment to receive the sacraments. His despairing ejaculation, "Good Friday! Good Friday!" continually rang in my ears. "Why did I not grant the respite?" cried I to myself; "was it not enough to kill the body, but must I seek to kill the soul?"

'On the night of the following Friday, I started suddenly from my sleep. An unaccountable horror was upon me. I looked wildly around. It seemed as if I were not in my apartment, nor in my bed, but in the fatal Strada Stretta, lying on the pavement. I again saw the commander leaning against the wall; I again heard his dying words: "Take my sword to Teteouques, and have a hundred masses performed in the chapel of the castle, for the repose of my soul!"

'On the following night, I caused one of my servants to sleep in the same room with me. I saw and heard nothing, either on that night, or any of the nights following, until the next Friday; when I had again the same vision, with this difference, that my valet seemed to be lying at some distance from me on the pavement of the Strada Stretta. The vision continued to be repeated on every Friday night, the commander always ap-

pearing in the same manner, and uttering the same words: 'Take my sword to Teteoufouques, and have a hundred masses performed in the chapel of the castle, for the repose of my soul!'

"On questioning my servant on the subject, he stated, that on these occasions he dreamed that he was lying in a very narrow street, but he neither saw nor heard any thing of the commander.

"I knew nothing of this Teteoufouques, whither the defunct was so urgent I should carry his sword. I made inquiries, therefore, concerning it, among the French chevaliers. They informed me that it was an old castle, situated about four leagues from Poitiers, in the midst of a forest. It had been built in old times, several centuries since, by Foulques Taillefer, (or Fulke Hackiron,) a redoubtable hard-fighting Count of Angouleme, who gave it to an illegitimate son, afterward created Grand Seneschal of Teteoufouques, hereditary Seneschals of Poitou. They farther informed me, that strange stories were told of this old castle, in the surrounding country, and that it contained many curious reliques. Among these, were the arms of Foulques Taillefer, together with all those of the warriors he had slain; and that it was an immemorial usage with the Foulquerres to have the weapons deposited there which they had wielded either in war or in single combat." This, then, was the reason of the dying injunction of the commander respecting his sword. I carried this weapon with me, wherever I went, but still I neglected to comply with his request.

"The vision still continued to harass me with undiminished horror. I repaired to Rome, where I confessed myself to the Grand Cardinal penitentiary, and informed him of the terrors with which I was haunted. He promised me absolution, after I should have performed certain acts of penance, the principal of which was, to execute the dying request of the commander, by carrying his sword to Teteoufouques, and having the hundred masses performed in the chapel of the castle for the repose of his soul.

"I set out for France as speedily as possible, and made no delay in my journey. On arriving at Poitiers, I found that the tidings of the death of the commander had reached there, but had caused no more affliction than among the people of Malta. Leaving my equipage in the town, I put on the garb of a pilgrim, and taking a guide, set out on foot for Teteoufouques. Indeed the roads in this part of the country were impracticable for carriages.

"I found the castle of Teteoufouques a grand but gloomy and dilapidated pile. All the gates were closed, and there reigned over the whole place an air of almost savage loneliness and desertion. I had understood that its only inhabitants were the concierge, or warden, and a kind of hermit who had charge of the chapel. After ringing for some time at the gate, I at length succeeded in bringing forth the warden, who bowed with reverence to my pilgrim's garb. I begged him to conduct me to the chapel, that being the end of my pilgrimage. We found the hermit there, chanting the funeral service; a dismal sound to one who came to perform a penance for the death of a member of the family. When he had ceased to chant, I informed him that I came to accomplish an obligation of conscience, and that I wished him to perform a hundred masses for the repose of the soul of the commander. He replied that, not being in orders, he was not authorized to perform mass, but that he would willingly undertake to see that my debt of conscience was discharged. I laid my offering on the altar, and would have placed the sword of the commander there, likewise.

"Hold!" said the hermit, with a melancholy shake of the head, 'this is no place for so deadly a weapon, that has so often been bathed in Christian blood. Take it to the armory; you will find there trophies enough of like character. It is a place into which I never enter.'

"The warden here took up the theme abandoned by the peaceful man of God. He assured me that I would see in the armory the swords of all the warrior race of Foulquerres, together with those of the enemies over whom they had triumphed. This, he observed, had been a usage kept up since the time of Mellusine, and of her husband, Geoffrey à la Gründent, or Geoffrey with the Great tooth.

"I followed the gossiping warden to the armory. It was a great dusty hell, hung round with Gothic-looking portraits, of a stark line of warriors, each with his weapon, and the weapons of those he had slain in battle, hung beside his picture. The most conspicuous portrait was that of Foulques Taillefer, (Fulke Hackiron,) Count of Angouleme, and founder of the castle. He was represented at full length, armed cap-à-pie, and grasping a huge buckler, on which were emblazoned three lions passant. The figure was so striking, that it seemed ready to start from the canvass; and I observed beneath this picture, a trophy composed of many weapons, proofs of the numerous triumphs of this hard-fighting old cavalier. Beside the weapons connected with the portraits, there were swords of all shapes, sizes, and centuries, hung round the hall; with piles of armor, placed as it were in effigy.

"On each side of an immense chimney, were suspended the portraits of the first seneschal of Poitou (the illegitimate son of Foulques Taillefer) and his wife Isabella de Lusignan; the progenitors of the grim race of Foulquerres that frowned around. They had the look of being perfect likenesses; and as I gazed on them, I fancied I could trace in their antiquated features some family resemblance to their unfortunate descendant, whom I had slain! This was a dismal neighbourhood, yet the armory was the only part of the castle that had a habitable air; so I asked the warden whether he could not make a fire, and give me something for supper there, and prepare me a bed in one corner.

"A fire and a supper you shall have, and that cheerfully, most worthy pilgrim," said he; "but as to a bed, I advise you to come and sleep in my chamber."

"Why so?" inquired I; "why shall I not sleep in this hall?"

"I have my reasons; I will make a bed for you close to mine."

"I made no objections, for I recollect that it was Friday, and I dreaded the return of my vision. He brought in billets of wood, kindled a fire in the great overhanging chimney, and then went forth to prepare my supper. I drew a heavy chair before the fire, and seating myself in it, gazed musingly round upon the portraits of the Foulquerres, and the an-

tiquated armor and weapons, the mementos of many a bloody deed. As the day declined, the smoky draperies of the hall gradually became confounded with the dark ground of the paintings, and the lurid gleams from the chimney only enabled me to see visages staring at me from the gathering darkness. All this was dismal in the extreme, and somewhat appalling; perhaps it was the state of my conscience that rendered me peculiarly sensitive, and prone to fearful imaginings.

"At length the warden brought in my supper. It consisted of a dish of trout, and some craw-fish taken in the fosse of the castle. He procured also a bottle of wine, which he informed me was wine of Poitou. I requested him to invite the hermit to join me in my repast; but the holy man sent back word that he allowed himself nothing but roots and herbs, cooked with water. I took my meal, therefore, alone, but prolonged it as much as possible, and sought to cheer my drooping spirits by the wine of Poitou, which I found very tolerable.

"When supper was over, I prepared for my evening devotions. I have always been very punctual in reciting my breviary; it is the prescribed and bounden duty of all chevaliers of the religious orders! and I can answer for it, is faithfully performed by those of Spain. I accordingly drew forth from my pocket a small missal and a rosary, and told the warden he need only designate to me the way to his chamber, where I could come and rejoin him, when I had finished my prayers.

"He accordingly pointed out a winding stair-case opening from the hall. 'You will descend this staircase,' said he, 'until you come to the fourth landing place, where you enter a vaulted passage, terminated by an arcade, with a statue of the blessed Jeanne of France: you cannot help finding my room, the door of which I will leave open; it is the sixth door from the landing place. I advise you not to remain in this hall after midnight. Before that hour, you will hear the hermit ring the bell, in going the rounds of the corridors. Do not linger here after that signal.'

"The warden retired, and I commenced my devotions. I continued at them earnestly; pausing from time to time to put wood upon the fire. I did not dare to look much around me, for I felt myself becoming a prey to fearful fancies. The pictures appeared to become animated. If I regarded one attentively, for any length of time, it seemed to move the eyes and lips. Above all, the portraits of the Grand Seneschal and his lady, which hung on each side of the great chimney, the progenitors of the Foulquerres of Teteoufouques, regarded me, I thought, with angry and baleful eyes: I even fancied they exchanged significant glances with each other. Just then a terrible blast of wind shook all the casements, and, rushing through the hall, made a fearful rattling and clashing among the armour. To my startled fancy, it seemed something supernatural.

"At length I heard the bell of the hermit, and hastened to quit the hall. Taking a solitary light, which stood on the supper table, I descended the winding stair-case; but before I had reached the vaulted passage, leading to the statue of the blessed Jeanne of France, a blast of wind extinguished my taper. I hastily remounted the stairs, to light it again at the chimney; but judge of my feelings, when, on arriving at the entrance to the armory, I beheld the Seneschal and his lady, who had descended from their frames, and seated themselves on each side of the fire-place!

"'Madam, my love,' said the Seneschal, with great formality, and in antiquated phrase, 'what think you of the presumption of this Castilian, who comes to harbour himself and make wassail in this our castle, after having slain our descendant, the commander, and that without granting him time for confession?'

"'Truly, my lord,' answered the female spectre, with no less stateliness of manner, and with great asperity of tone; 'truly, my lord, I opine that this Castilian did a grievous wrong in this encounter; and he should never be suffered to depart hence, without your throwing him the gauntlet.'

I paused to hear no more, but rushed again down stairs, to seek the chamber of the warden. It was impossible to find it in the darkness, and in the perturbation of my mind. After an hour and a half of fruitless search, and mortal horror and anxieties, I endeavoured to persuade myself that the day was about to break, and listened impatiently for the crowing of the cock; for I thought if I could hear his cheerful note, I should be reassured; catching, in the disordered state of my nerves, at the popular notion that ghosts never appear after the first crowing of the cock.

At length I rallied myself, and endeavoured to shake off the vague terrors which haunted me. I tried to persuade myself that the two figures which I had seemed to see and hear, had existed only in my troubled imagination. I still had the end of a candle in my hand, and determined to make another effort to re-light it, and find my way to bed; for I was ready to sink with fatigue. I accordingly sprang up the stair-case, three steps at a time, stopped at the door of the armory, and peeped cautiously in. The two Gothic figures were no longer in the chimney corners, but I neglected to notice whether they had re-ascended to their frames. I entered, and made desperately for the fire-place, but scarce had I advanced three strides, when Messire Foulques Taillefer stood before me, in the centre of the hall, armed cap-à-pie, and standing in guard, with the point of his sword silently presented to me. I would have retreated to the stair-case, but the door of it was occupied by the phantom figure of an esquire, who rudely flung a gauntlet in my face. Driven to fury, I snatched down a sword from the wall: by chance, it was that of the commander which I had placed there. I rushed upon my fantastic adversary, and seemed to pierce him through and through; but at the same time I felt as if something pierced my heart, burning like a red-hot iron. My blood inundated the hall, and I fell senseless.

"When I recovered consciousness, it was broad day, and I found myself in a small chamber, attended by the warden and the hermit. The former told me that on the previous night, he had awakened long after the midnight hour, and perceiving that I had not come to his chamber, he had furnished himself with a vase of holy water, and set out to seek me. He found me stretched senseless on the pavement of the armory, and bore me to his room. I spoke of my wound; and of the quantity of blood that I had lost. He shook his head, and knew nothing about it; and to my surprise, on examination, I found myself perfectly sound and unhar-

ed. The wound and blood, therefore, had been all delusion. Neither the warder nor the hermit put any questions to me, but advised me to leave the castle as soon as possible. I lost no time in complying with their counsel, and felt my heart relieved from an oppressive weight, as I left the gloomy and fate-bound battlements of Teteouques behind me.

"I arrived at Bayonne, on my way to Spain, on the following Friday. At midnight I was startled from my sleep, as I had formerly been; but it was no longer by the vision of the dying commander. It was old Fulges Taillefer who stood before me, armed cap-a-pie, and presenting the point of his sword. I made the sign of the cross, and the spectre vanished, but I received the same red hot thrust in the heart which I had felt in the armoury, and I seemed to be bathed in blood. I would have called out, or have arisen from my bed and gone in quest of succor, but I could neither speak or stir. This agony endured until the crowing of the cock, when I fell asleep again; but the next day I was ill, and in a most pitiable state. I have continued to be harassed by the same vision every Friday night: no acts of penitence and devotion have been able to relieve me from it; and it is only a lingering hope in divine mercy, that sustains me, and enables me to support so lamentable a visitation."

The Grand Prior of Minorca wasted gradually away under this constant remorse of conscience, and this horrible incubus. He died some time after having revealed the preceding particulars of his case, evidently the victim of a diseased imagination.

The above relation has been rendered, in many parts literally, from the French memoir, in which it is given as a true story: if so, it is one of those instances in which truth is more romantic than fiction.

SHELLEY'S LETTERS, ESSAYS & FRAGMENTS.

Mrs. Shelley has just published in London, in two volumes, the prose writings of her illustrious husband. They so abound in all the peculiar trains of thought and modes of expression, so characteristic of his style, that a few extracts from a very feeling notice of the publication, with some most touching and exquisite portions of the work itself, cannot fail of being acceptable to our readers.

We have read the volumes with intense and painful interest; and, while we have found nothing in them unworthy of the great literary name of Shelley, we have found much that vindicates the assailable points in his character; that justifies the spirit in which his most mistaken opinions were formed; that expresses a nature as gentle, as brave, and generous, as ever walked the earth.

It will not be unjust to affirm of Shelley—reserving any judgment on the positive and unquestionable greatness of his powers—that he would have been a better poet if he had been a worse philosopher, and a worse philosopher if he had been a better poet. He has carried his speculations too much into his verse, and his verse too much into his speculations. The result is that there is too much of the world in the one and too little of it in the other. It was not till the eve of his disastrous death that he seems to have discovered this error. It pervaded the *Prometheus Unbound* and was nowhere visible in *The Cenci*. He plainly confessed indeed, on the publication of the latter noble tragedy, that his writings till then had been too much in the nature of visions, dreams of what ought to be or might be, whereas what he had then to present to the world was a stern reality. "I lay aside," he said, "the presumptuous attitude of an instructor, and am content to paint, with such colours as my own heart furnishes, that which has been." How he did this, we need not tell; or how the sense of it embittered his premature loss in the mind of every one anxious for the honour of our literature. He died when twenty-nine, at the very time he had discovered the error of his literary life, and had shown, in one memorable instance, how nobly he was prepared to redeem it. That was the flash before the darkness. Yet what a career may be said to have opened on him then. We know of only one name in dramatic literature that would have surmounted his, if he had been spared to write a succession of tragedies like *The Cenci*. But it was otherwise ordained, and it is the vainest and most foolish of all feelings to resent what has been for what might have been. That was in some sort Shelley's own mistake, and it is peculiarly due to the nobler part of his memory to avoid it. There were questionless consolations in his death, even for those who loved him. He had already lived in those twenty-nine years, a life longer than the majority of those whose "hearts as dry as summer's dust burn to the socket." He said himself, we believe, a few days before his life was quenched so suddenly, that if he died on the morrow he would have lived to be older than his father, who is living still. His death ended all antagonism, too, and opened the way not only for that personal justification which has been amply achieved at last, but for the immediate action of those generous and noble tendencies which we believe to have been widely and most beneficially diffused by his writings.

Hope is strong.

Justice and Truth their winged child have found.

A passage in one of the letters from Italy has curious reference to what we have been urging.

"O, if I had health, and strength, and equal spirits, what boundless intellectual improvement might I not gather in this wonderful country! At present I write little else but poetry, and little of that. My first act of Prometheus is complete, and I think you would like it. I consider poetry very subordinate to moral and political science, and if I were well, certainly I would aspire to the latter, for I can conceive a great work, embodying the discoveries of all ages, and harmonizing the contending creeds by which mankind have been ruled. Far from me is such an attempt, and I shall be content, by exercising my fancy, to amuse myself, and perhaps some others, and cast what weight I can into the scale of that balance, which the Giant of Arthegall holds."

These letters are all, in our opinion, singularly beautiful. We prefer to show this to the reader by extract, rather than by any feeble description

of our own. We can scarcely open a page without finding what we seek, the radiance of Shelley's heart and mind.

In one of the early letters from Leghorn this careless but most lovely description occurs.

"I take great delight in watching the changes of the atmosphere here, and the growth of the thunder showers with which the moon is often overshadowed, and which break and fade away towards evening into flocks of delicate clouds. Our fire-flies are fading away fast; but there is the planet Jupiter, who rises majestically over the rift in the forest-covered mountains to the south, and the pale summer lightning which is spread out every night, at intervals, over the sky. No doubt Providence has contrived these things, that, when the fire-flies go out, the low-flying owl may see her way home."

In a subsequent letter he thus talks of Venice and her gondolas.

"Venice is a wonderfully fine city. The approach to it, over the laguna, with its domes and turrets glittering in a long line over the blue waves, is one of the finest architectural delusions in the world. It seems to have—and literally it has—its foundations in the sea. The silent streets are paved with water, and you hear nothing but the dashing of the oars, and the occasional cries of the gondolieri. I heard nothing of Tasso. The gondolas themselves are things of a most romantic and picturesque appearance; I can only compare them to moths of which a coffin might have been the chrysalis. They are hung with black, and painted black, and carpeted with grey; the curl at the prow and stern, and at the former there is a nondescript beak of shining steel, which glitters at the end of its long black mass."

How beautiful is the touch that follows, in describing Rome. In this brief allusion we find indeed the emblem of universal Italy, moral degradation in union with natural and artistic glories.

"In the square of St. Peter's there are about three hundred fettered criminals at work, hoeing out the weeds that grow between the stones of the pavement. Their legs are heavily ironed, and some are chained two by two. They sit in long rows, hoeing out the weeds, dressed in parti-coloured clothes. Near them sit or saunter, groups of soldiers, armed with loaded muskets. The iron discord of those innumerable chains clanks up into the sonorous air, and produces, contrasted with the musical dashing of the fountains, and the deep azure beauty of the sky, and the magnificence of the architecture around, a conflict of sensations allied to madness."

The wonders of Pompeii are traced with a most delicate and sensitive hand. How admirable the allusion to the tombs.

"On each side of the road beyond the gate are built the tombs. How unlike ours! They seem not so much hiding-places for that which must decay, as *voluptuous chambers for immortal spirits*. They are of marble, radiantly white; and two, especially beautiful, are loaded with exquisite bas reliefs. . . . These tombs were the most impressive things of all. The wild woods surround them on each side; and along the broad stones of the paved road which divides them, you hear the late leaves of autumn shiver and rustle in the stream of the inconstant wind as it were like the step of ghosts. The radiance and magnificence of these dwellings of the dead, the white freshness of the scarcely finished marble, the impassioned or imaginative life of the figures which adorn them, contrast strangely with the simplicity of the houses of those who were living when Vesuvius overwhelmed them."

Nothing is so striking in the letters as the unforced yet elevated beauty of the language, in description of things that are even the most familiar. He saw the works of Ariosto and Tasso, written with their own hands in the library at Ferrara, and makes this mention of them:

"The hand-writing of Ariosto is a small, firm, and pointed character, expressing, as I should say, a strong and keen, but circumscribed energy of mind; that of Tasso, is large, free, and flowing, except that there is a checked expression in the midst of its flow, which brings the letters into a smaller compass than one expected from the beginning of the word. It is the symbol of an intense and earnest mind, exceeding at times its own depth, and admonished to return by the chillness of the waters of oblivion striking upon its adventurous feet."

In one of the palaces of Bologna he saw a picture by Guido, of Samson drinking water out of an ass's jaw bone in the midst of the slaughtered Philistines, and his account of it in a few words is exquisitely complete.

"The figure of Samson stands in strong relief in the foreground, coloured, as it were, in the hues of human life, and full of strength and elegance. Round him lie the Philistines in all the attitudes of death. One prone, with the slight convulsion of pain just passing from his forehead, whilst on his lips and chin death lies as heavy as sleep. Another leaning on his arm, with his hand, white and motionless, hanging out beyond. In the distance, more dead bodies; and, still further beyond, the blue sea and the blue mountains, and one white and tranquil sail."

So with another of the works of Guido, a Madonna Lattante.

"She is leaning over her child, and the maternal feelings with which she is pervaded are shadowed forth on her soft and gentle countenance, and in her simple and affectionate gestures—there is what an unfeeling observer would call a dulness in the expression of her face; her eyes are almost closed; her lips depressed; there is a serious, and even a heavy relaxation, as it were, of all the muscles which are called into action by ordinary emotions; but it is only as if the spirit of love, almost insupportable from its intensity, were brooding over and weighing down the soul."

Nor can we resist, while referring to subjects of this kind, from quoting a portion of a noble criticism on the Niobe in the Florentine Gallery. We need not remind the reader that immortal sculpture is the figure of a mother in the act of sheltering, from some divine and inevitable peril, the last, as we may imagine, of her surviving children. Having given the details of the statue, with a most subtle feeling for the poetic harmony of its art, Shelley thus proceeds:

"There is embodied a sense of the inevitable and rapid destiny which is consummating around her, as if it were already over. It seems as if despair and beauty had combined, and produced nothing but the sublimity of grief. As the motions of the form expressed the instinctive sense of the possibility of protecting the child, and the accustomed and affectionate assurance that she would find an asylum within her arms, so reason and

imagination speak in the countenance the certainty that no mortal defence is of avail. There is no terror in the countenance, only grief—deep, remorseless grief. There is no anger:—of what avail is indignation against what is known to be omnipotent! There is no selfish shrinking from personal pain—there is no panic at supernatural agency—there is no advertising to herself as herself; the calamity is mightier than to leave scope for such emotions.

“Everything is swallowed up in sorrow; she is all tears; her countenance, in assured expectation of the arrow piercing its last victim in her embrace, is fixed on her omnipotent enemy. The pathetic beauty of the expression of her tender, and inexhaustible, and unquenchable despair is beyond the effect of any other sculpture. As soon as the arrow shall pierce her last tie upon earth, the fable that she was turned into stone, or dissolved into a fountain of tears, will be but a feeble emblem of the sadness of hopelessness, in which the few and evil years of her remaining life, we feel, must flow away.”

We have hitherto confined our quotations to the Letters. The Essays are worthy of them. The Defence of Poetry may occupy in Shelley’s prose that lofty place which is filled by *The Cenci* in his verse. Take out of it this finest vindication that was ever attempted of the poetical claims of Rome.

“The true poetry of Rome lived in its institutions; for whatever of beautiful, true, and majestic, they contained, could have sprung only from the faculty which creates the order in which they consist. The life of Camillus, the death of Regulus; the expectation of the senators, in their godlike state, of the victorious Gauls; the refusal of the republic to make peace with Hannibal, after the battle of Cannae, were not the consequences of a refined calculation of the probable personal advantage to result from such a rhythm and order in the shows of life, to those who were at once the poets and the actors of these immortal dramas. The imagination beholding the beauty of this order, created it out of itself according to its own idea; the consequence was empire, and the reward everlasting fame. These things are not the less poetry, *quia carent vate sacro*. They are the episodes of that cyclic poem written by Time upon the memories of men. *The Past, like an inspired rhapsodist, fills the theatre of everlasting generations with their harmony.*”

Or this image on the poetry of Dante:

“The poetry of Dante may be considered as the bridge thrown over the stream of time, which unites the modern and ancient world. The distorted notions of invisible things which Dante and his rival Milton have idealised, are merely the mask and the mantle in which these great poets walk through eternity enveloped and disguised.”

Or this more elaborate reference to the immortal Florentine.

“Dante was the first religious reformer, and Luther surpassed him rather in the rudeness and acrimony, than in the boldness of his censures, of Papal usurpation. Dante was the first awakener of entranced Europe; he created a language, in itself music and persuasion, out of a chaos of inharmonious barbarisms. He was the congregator of those great spirits who presided over the resurrection of learning; the Lucifer of that starry flock which in the thirteenth century shone forth from republican Italy, as from a heaven, into the darkness of the benighted world. His very words are instinct with spirit; each is as a spark, a burning atom of inextinguishable thought; and may yet lie covered in the ashes of their birth, and prenat with a lightning which has yet found no conductor. All high poetry is infinite; it is as the first acorn which contained all oaks potentially. Veil after veil may be undrawn, and the inmost naked beauty of the meaning never exposed. A great poem is a fountain for ever overflowing with the waters of wisdom and delight; and after one person and one age has exhausted all of its divine effluence which their peculiar relations enable them to share, another and yet another succeeds, and new relations are ever developed, the source of an unforeseen and an unconceived delight.”

An extract from Shelley’s Journal will complete the view we have sought to give, of the varied character and contents of the work. It is a ghost story, taken from the narrative of Monk Lewis.

“A young man who had taken orders, had just been presented with a living on the death of the incumbent. It was in the Catholic part of Germany. He arrived at the parsonage on a Saturday night; it was summer, and waking about three o’clock in the morning, and it being broad day, he saw a venerable-looking man, but with an aspect exceedingly melancholy, sitting at a desk in the window, reading, and two little boys standing near him, whom he regarded with looks of the profoundest grief. Presently he rose from his seat, the boys followed him, and they were no more to be seen. The young man, much troubled, arose, hesitating whether he should regard what he had seen as a dream, or a waking fantasy. To divert his dejection he walked towards the church, which the sexton was already employed in preparing for the morning service. The first sight that struck him was a portrait, the exact resemblance of the man whom he had seen sitting in his chamber. It was the custom in this district to place the portrait of each minister, after his death, in the church.

“He made the minutest inquiries respecting his predecessor, and learned that he was universally beloved as a man of unexampled integrity and benevolence; but that he was the prey of a secret and perpetual sorrow. His grief was supposed to have arisen from an attachment to a young lady, with whom his situation did not permit him to unite himself. Others, however, asserted that a connexion did subsist between them, and that even she occasionally brought to his house two beautiful boys, the offspring of their connexion. Nothing further occurred until the cold weather came, and the new minister desired a fire to be lighted in the stove of the room where he slept. A hideous stench arose from the stove as soon as it was lighted, and on examining it, the bones of two male children were found within.”

The most valuable of the crown jewels have been placed in the hands of the royal jewellers to be reset.

THE HAND-BOOK OF SWINDLING.

“The Hand-Book of Swindling!” What a host of amusing reminiscences, ancient as well as modern—for the art of *conveyancing* is one of high antiquity—do these few words suggest! They recall to our memory the God Mercury—the Adam of the swindling race, and unsurpassed in roguery, save by his own son Autolycus, after whom Shakespeare has named his pedlar, that famous “snapper-up of unconsidered trifles”—the sharper mentioned Herodotus, who played such tricks with the cash of King Rhampsinitus—the Menippus of Lucian, who *did* Hell’s grim ferryman out of his Stygian passage-money—Paul the sharper,—the Don Raphael of *Le Sage*—Fielding’s French Count—Garrick’s Lying Valet—Foote’s Papillon—Goldsmith’s Ephraim Jenkinson, whose one long story about the “cosmogony,” conjured all the loose cash out of Dr. Primrose’s unsophisticated pockets—Kenney’s Jeremy Diddler—Major Semple’s autobiography—the unrivalled Barrington, who stole his own snuff-box, by way of keeping himself in practice—and, coming down to the present civilized times, Videocq’s feathered-fingered heroes—Ikey Solomons, and his apt disciple, Fagin—the late lamented Dando, who was cut off in the flower of his appetite—and above all, that mysterious personage—the Junius of petty larceny—the Man with the Carpet-bag!

Of all these Conveyancers, each eminent in his own particular branch of the profession, Barrington was, we think, the most remarkable. His science was first-rate; his versatility astonishing; and he had the finest conception of a “*Do*,” of any swindler we ever read of. The following anecdote, which we met with some years ago, but cannot just now remember where, will give a faint idea of his style of practice. On one of his professional tours it chanced that he stopped to dine at an hotel at Chichester. The landlord, struck by his dashing air, and still more by his gig—which was then, as now, a certificate of respectability—received him with infinite respect, and ushering him into a private room, placed before him the best extempore dinner he could furnish. Fish, flesh, and fowl, pastry, and a select dessert, were soon disposed of, and when a cozy bottle of old port had also been dispached, and then a glass of brandy and water to make all comfortable, Barrington rang the bell, and summoned the landlord into his august presence. The man instantly appeared, and bowing and simpering with ineffable grace and sweetness, placed his little bill on the table. His guest took it up, and coolly looking over the items, said—

“Landlord, I am rather delicately situated just at present.”

“Indeed,” replied Boniface, with a visible drooping of the nether jaw, while a cloud stole over his intelligent visomy.

“Yes,” continued Barrington, “I have unluckily left my purse at home, but I shall be back punctually this day three weeks, when I will take care to make all right.”

“I’m *done!*” roared the landlord, half-suffocated with passion, and forgetful of all prudential considerations, turned his guest out of the house, saluting him at the same time with a kick that grievously endamaged his sitting parts.

“You will repent this,” said Barrington, as he quitted the hotel.

And the landlord did repent it, for that very day three weeks, his maltreated guest again drove up to the hotel. He entered the house with a countenance that bespoke forgiveness, and shaking hands with Boniface, who made a thousand apologies for his former discourteous treatment, told him that he was come to pay his bill, adding blandly, “To show you that I entertain no ill-feeling towards you, you shall dine with me to-day, so let us have the very best of every thing in your house.”

The order was no sooner given than obeyed. A capital dinner was served up, far more expensive than the former one, and after the choicest hock, claret, and burgundy, had been done all possible justice to, and the landlord had told his best stories, and cracked his stillest jokes, and Barrington had laughed, fit to kill himself, at the rogue’s drollery; the bill, as before, was called for, and deposited on the table. It was of awful length, but our hero’s nerves were not easily flustered, so he addressed Boniface with the most perfect *non-chalance*, observing “Hark’ee, Mr. landlord, you kicked me out of this house just three weeks ago; I told you at the time you would repent of it; and so you will, for though your bill is now twice as long as it was, I have not a sixpence to pay it with; therefore,” he added coolly, “you must act as you did before, and *pay yourself by a cheque on the same bank!*”

We look upon this as the most perfect swindling achievement on record. To do a man twice, and each time under precisely the same circumstances! None but a Barrington could have conceived such a project. Here is another instance of his surprising fertility of invention. He had taken an unfurnished house in Long-acre, and was at a loss how to stock it. Walking out one day in the neighbourhood of Holborn, devising schemes for obtaining the necessary furniture, he saw a private house, the door of which happened to be open. After looking cautiously about him, and listening in the hall for a few seconds, he marched up stairs, and, hearing no noise, made his way into a bed-room, the bedding of which he quietly packed up, and lifted on his back. On his way down, he made a false step and stumbled, the noise of which brought out a fat, bald-pated gentleman, from the parlour.

“Halloo, fellow, what do you want there?” exclaimed the astonished stranger.

“Please, Sir,” replied the unabashed Barrington, “I’ve brought the bedding you ordered of master last week.”

“Bedding! What do you mean? I ordered no bedding!”

“Oh, indeed; then I suppose I’ve come to the wrong house; so, perhaps, Sir, you’ll be kind enough to assist me in replacing the load upon my back.”

The good-natured gentleman did so; and not till some hours after Barrington had marched off in triumph, did he discover that he had actually assisted in robbing himself!

Dando, like Barrington, was a superior genius, but he practised in a lower walk of the profession. His conceptions were good, and his execution prompt and intelligent; but he wanted originality. You might

always know him, like Gibbon, by his *style*. Then, too, he was a mere prosaic swindler, with nothing of the poetry of the art about him. He seldom soared above oyster-shops, but it must be added to his credit, that "within that circle none dare walk but he." Unparalleled was his success in the humble and limited sphere which he had chosen for the display of his abilities, and not a shell-fishmonger but sweated with horror at the very mention of his name, as the subjoined anecdote will show.

Late one winter night, he walked into an oyster-shop, the master of which chanced to be absent, and addressing the girl behind the counter, desired her to send him in three dozen of oysters, two breads, ditto butter, and a pot of porter, into the eating-room. Well, the viands were brought, and Dando set to at them with an energy that seemed proof against exhaustion. In a few minutes all had vanished. Another three dozen were then ordered; and then a third and fourth, with et ceteras, in proportion; till at length the pile of oyster shells formed quite a Primrose-hill in miniature. Just at this crisis the master of the shop came in, and casting a scientific glance at the white heap on the floor, rubbed his hands and chuckled with uncommon glee at the good night's business that had been done.

"I'll warrant," he said, "there's been at least a dozen mouths at work here."

"A dozen!" replied the girl, "no such thing—only one."

A horrid misgiving seized the fishmonger at these words. Grim visions of a *do* flashed across his brain. He knew that there was but one man in Christendom gifted with such prodigious powers of voracity; and rushing wildly into the inner-room, where sat his customer, smiling and comfortable, with the second porter-pot, turned upside down before him, he addressed him tersely and energetically, as follows:—

"In the Devil's name, who and what are you?"

"I am Dando!" was the reply, delivered with dignified emphasis, and an air of conscious desert. The shock was overwhelming.

"Oh Lord!—oh Lord!" faltered out the heart-broken fishmonger, and dropped senseless in the midst of his own oyster shells.

If we are not mistaken, it was this same Dando—though our author has referred the saying to an inferior artist—who observed in his last moments to a friend, that though he had been kicked, cudgelled, and horse-whipped a thousand times, yet he had never met with any one who knew how to thrash him *like a gentleman!* This is a splenetic remark; but we are not surprised at it. Great geniuses are fastidious, and not easily pleased.

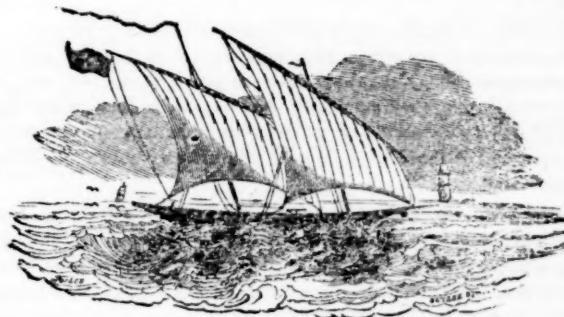
Next to Barrington and Dando in adroitness and the successful application of talent, we incline to rank that Great Unknown—"The Man with the Carpet Bag." Perhaps no swindler that ever existed creates such a sensation among Publicans as this highly gifted artist. In their eyes he seems a being endowed with ubiquity. One day they hear of him figuring as a gentleman of fortune, with his famous carpet bag, at an hotel at the West End; the next, he is taken up for playing his professional pranks on a distressed Publican in Cheapside. On Monday, the papers report him in gaol at some sequestered English country town: on Tuesday, he forms the substance of an indignant local paragraph at Edinburgh. His style of execution, though brilliant, is remarkable for its simplicity. A few bricks and rags, wrapped up in straw, and packed up with singular dexterity in his bag; a swaggering air, accompanied with a request to the unsuspecting landlord that he will see the said bag carefully deposited in his chamber, as it contains articles of value—and the thing is done, and the Publican too! When we last read of this accomplished Professor of Kleptocracy—as Leigh Hunt wittily calls the science—he was at Liverpool. He had ensconced himself, observed a Lancashire Journal in a paragraph overflowing with bitterness, at one of the best hotels in that town; had eaten and drank of the landlord's choicest meats and wines; and had his carpet-bag carefully placed, according to his directions, in the best bed-room;—when, lo! the next morning he was reported missing; and, what was worse, a pair of fine linen sheets, an or-molu clock, two silver spoons, and a plated cruet-stand, were missing also! The sequel of this strange affair cannot be read without tears. The Publican—who is the amiable father of six small children—no sooner discovered his loss, than he went mad on the spot; and now lies in a lunatic asylum, with his head shaved, a strait-waistcoat on him, and two determined keepers thrashing him punctually twice a-day, by way of keeping him quiet, and bringing him round to a right way of thinking!

But to quit these digressions, into which we have been unwittingly seduced by our admiration of genius. The little work before us treats of the Art of Swindling in so knowing and profound a style, that we feel half inclined to suspect that the author has duly qualified himself, by long practice, to write upon it—that he is, in fact, a sort of Emeritus Professor of the Science! If so, we would advise his Publishers to look to it, or they may peradventure be *done*—though to *do* a Publisher, requires a union of skill, cunning, and experience, not often vouchsafed to the literary sons of Adam. But to be serious—if it be possible to be so on such a theme—this "Hand-book of Swindling" is written throughout in a grave, caustic style of irony, that at times reminds us of Swift's "Directions to Servants." The author sets out with asserting that the propensity to swindle is universal, and that men only want temptation; and thus cleverly illustrates his theory:—

"Jack Smasher was one of the prettiest hands at coining; and more, he was blessed with a wife born, I should say, with a genius for passing bad money. She took a crown—one of her husband's base-begotten offspring—and purchased with it three-pennyworth of rhubarb from a quaker chemist, who—*indeed* man!—handed over four and ninepence change.—Aminadab Straightback was, even among his brethren, the brightest child of truth. In due season Aminadab detected the guileful crown, and, in his own clear breast, resolved to destroy it. However, it remained by the *strangest* accident in his till, and by an accident still more extraordinary, was given in part of change for a guinea to a gentleman a little the worse for liquor, who, on his way home to bed took the precaution of dropping into Straightback's for a box of his own patent—anti-bacchic pills. In the morning, the vinous gentleman discovered the pocket-piece, but as he

had changed more than one guinea, could not with certainty detect the giver of the counterfeit. No matter: it remained loose with other money in his pocket, and one day, to his own surprise he found he had passed it. He had taken a journey, and it was very dark when, in the handsomest manner, he see'd the coachman. The poor man who drove the Tallyho did not realize more than 400*l* per annum, and could not afford to lose five shillings: hence Smasher's crown became, at a fitting opportunity, the property of a sand-blind old gentlewoman, who, her loss discovered, lifted up her hands at the iniquity of the world, and put aside the brass-wickedness. The good old soul never missed a charity sermon. The Reverend Mr. Sulphurtongue made a sweet discourse in favour of the conversion of the Jews, and the churchwardens condescended to hold each a plate. To the great disgust of the discoverers, a bad crown was detected amongst the subscribed half-crowns and shillings. The Beadle was directed to destroy it. He intended to do so, but, in pure forgetfulness, passed it one day for purl; the landlady of the 'George' having, as she said 'taken it, was resolved not to lose it,' and by some accident it was given to a pedlar, who, after a walk of twenty miles, entered an ale-house, took his supper of bread and cheese—went to bed—rose, and proffered for his account Jack Smasher's pocket-piece. The pedlar was immediately given into the hands of a constable, taken before a magistrate, and ordered to be imprisoned and whipped as a passer of counterfeit money."

The author is strongly opposed to the practice of swindling in mustachios, and advises all artists to victimize with clean lips. He also recommends them to cultivate suavity of manner, adding that tradesmen, in general, like to be dabbled in a gentlemanlike style. It flatters their self-love, and half reconciles them to their loss. On the important subject of *doing* tailors, he is express and particular. He advocates their being swindled on all occasions, and in the most remorseless manner, for—having themselves an innate genius for the art—they will be sure to indemnify themselves by overcharging their richest customers. This is a sound truth, and reads like a Baconian axiom. As regards names, the author is of opinion that the swindler, who wishes to be honorably distinguished in his profession, should choose—not a high-flown, aristocratic patronymic, but a chaste, rational English *alias*, which will be sure to take with the sober class of tradesmen, when they would suspect a customer with the lofty name of Altamont or Fitz-Fortesque. But enough of this. Suffice to say, that the work before us is one of the most amusing little prose *squibs* we have read for some time. No swindler's library can be considered complete without it!



THE CORSAIR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1840.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE QUEEN.

A dower, my Lords! disgrace not so your Queen
That she should be so abject, base and poor,
To choose for wealth and not for perfect love.

* * * * *
Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by Attorneys.

* * * * *
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell—
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss
And is a pattern of celestial peace."

HENRY VI.

If many-tongued rumour is entitled to our credence as to the time selected for the espousals of the fair Queen of England, the fourth of February was a day of ringing jubilee throughout her merry realm,—a day that will write itself with the point of a diamond upon the memories of her millions of subjects, and will exert an untried influence upon her own character and happiness during the remainder of her life. "Marriage is the nursery of Heaven.—The Virgin sends prayers to God, but she carries but one soul to him. But the state of marriage fills up the number of the elect, and hath in it the labour of love, and the delicacies of friendship, the blessing of society and the union of hands and hearts,—it hath in it less of beauty, but more of safety than the single life,—it hath more care, but less danger—it is more merry and more sad,—is fuller of sorrows, and fuller of joys,—it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strength of love and charity, and those burdens are delightful."

Grave Gazettes are of opinion that Prince Albert is no subject of envy,

from the fact that he is a subject of his royal mate, entitled to her love, but not to her obedience. Tender-hearted sentimentalists, too, roll their ecstatic eyes upwards, and declare a dowerless bride is to be preferred to a powerful sovereign, descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors, ready and able to confer honour and wealth upon a favoured suitor, because, after all, she can only make him the first subject of her realm. In our opinion, Albert is a Fortunatus, and vastly to be envied from the first moment the smile of Royalty was bestowed upon him, up to the present time. How gracefully he was relieved from the awkward task of "popping the question!" No brain-racking hours did he pass in gazing at the stars to compose iambics to the delicate curve of her kingly eye-brow, or anapests to her ankles! He was neither doomed to wander in Windsor Forest, hanging odes upon hawthorns, or elegies upon brambles! Far from it: a delicate missive in the shape of a portrait bore to his astonished eyes the magical invitation, "come over and help me." What care we, whether his hair be dark or light—whether he be tall or short; it is enough to know that "in stature he was as high as her heart."

The royal maiden, in soft and bashful phrase announces her intentions to her constitutional advisers. How different from the fashion of the olden time! Look at the brusque announcement of Charles II. at the opening of his second parliament in 1661:

"I will not conclude without telling you some *news*,—news that I think will be very acceptable to you, and therefore I should think myself unkind and ill-natured if I did not impart it to you. I have been put in mind by my friends, that *it was now time to marry*, and I have thought so myself ever since I came into England. But there appeared difficulties enough in the choice, though many overtures have been made to me; and if I should never marry until I could make such a choice, against which there could be no foresight of any inconvenience that may ensue, you would live to see me an old bachelor, which I think you do not desire to do. I can now tell you, not only that I am resolved to marry, but to whom I am resolved to marry. If God please, it is with the daughter of Portugal. * * * And I will make all the haste I can to fetch you a Queen hither, who I doubt not will bring great blessings with her to me and you."

In the same session Charles finished one of his speeches thus:—

"The mention of *my wife's* arrival puts me in mind to desire you to put that compliment upon her that her entrance into the town may with more decency than the ways will now suffer it to be; and to that purpose I pray you would quickly dispatch and pass such laws as are before you, in order to the amending of those ways, in order that she may not find *Whitehall surrounded with water*."

Her Majesty's equerries found their offices perfect sinecures, after the departure of the accepted lover. She no longer caroled on her blooded palfrey, wearying the patience and exhausting the spirits of her less expert and practised attendants, or sported in gay magnificence her pony-phæton. Her stroll upon the terrace of her palace was her only public exercise. She needed no trot à cheval, if the words of the love-sick Rosalind were veritable, "time trots with a maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnised."

The report of the Queen's intention immediately after her nuptials, and in honour thereof, to institute an order as a sort of appendage to the Order of the Garter, purposely and exclusively for females, is probably the fact. That the plan is not entirely novel is apparent, if the "History of the Orders of Knighthood" by Sir Harry Nicolas is good authority.

Soon after, if not at the foundation of the Order of the Garter, and during the two following centuries, the habit was worn on the feast-day of St. George by the Queen, by the wives and widows of several, if not of all, the Knight's Companions, and as an especial mark of the Sovereign's favour, by other distinguished ladies. These robes, which were annually given out of the royal wardrobe, were made of the same materials and colour as the surcoats of the knights; and were, like them, embroidered with numerous small garters, each containing the motto. The ladies belonging to the order also wore a garter similar to that of the knights on their left arm; and they were considered, as far as their sex permitted, members of the society. Though nothing is now known of the form or manner of their reception, the description applied to them in records leaves no doubt of their having been regularly admitted into the fraternity. In the earliest notice of the habit having been issued to ladies, immediately after the accession of King Richard the Second, they are said to have been 'newly received into the Society of the Garter.' They are afterwards called 'Ladies of the Society of the Garter'; in the time of King Henry the Fifth, 'Ladies of the Fraternity of St. George'; and in the latter part of the reign of King Edward the Fourth, 'Ladies of the Fraternity and Brotherhood of St. George.'

It further appears that

"Three years after the foundation of the society, the Queen is recorded to have made her offering at high mass, in the chapel of Windsor Castle, St. George's Day; and Queen Philippa and other ladies attended the

grand feast, in the year 1358, for her dress, on which occasion the King gave her 500l."

The wardrobe accounts for 1379, which are the earliest existing records of the livery or habit of the order having been given to ladies (for the feast of St. George in that year,) state that

"Materials had been issued for making 2,300 garters with the motto 'Hony soy q. mal y pense,' and for robes and hoods of long woollen cloth, for the King, the Duke of Lancaster, and other Knights of the Society of the Garter; and 'also for the King's mother and other ladies newly received into the same society of the Garter, against the Feast of St. George.'

"No attempt seems to have been made to restore to the wives of the Knights of the Garter a distinction to which the usage of nearly two centuries had given them so strong a claim; and the next allusion to the subject was by the learned Anstis, about the year 1724, who, in his address to the Earl of Pembroke, advocated with great justice, force, and eloquence, the rights of the fair sex to the honours of the order."

Sir Harry Nicolas has given the address of "the learned Anstis," who powerfully advocates the claims of the fair sex to a participation in the "honours of the order," but which is too lengthy for extracting. It appears, however, that

"In consequence of Anstis's remarks, or from some other cause, an intention existed about the year 1731, either to revive the usage of allowing ladies to wear the ensigns of the Garter, or, as in other kingdoms, to institute an order purposely for ladies."

We have indulged in a little badinage in our preceding remarks, but with no feeling but of respect for the youthful Sovereign of Great Britain. She has placed her affections on the companion of her youth; right glad are we that State policy and personal preference can go hand in hand in this alliance. May it prove a source of bliss and domestic felicity to the noble pair, and insure prosperity and happiness to the English nation.

THE AUTHOR OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

The London Examiner in commending the publication of the entire works of De Foe, expresses the following opinion of his merits as an author.

"No writer in the English language has written so variously, so voluminously, and so well as De Foe. No writer has written a style so thoroughly and comprehensively English, ascending from the kitchen to the palace. No writer, we most truly believe, placed in such a position and with such temptations, was ever half so honest. Finally, we venture to think that no writer will last longer, if so long. *Robinson Crusoe* will be read whilst a child remains in the world, and that is pretty nearly as long as the world is likely to last."

The above seems a little extravagant to us on this side the water, for besides his *Robinson Crusoe*, few of his writings have been extensively read in America. One of his most popular fictions in England, is "The true History of the apparition of one Mrs. Veal,"—a story seldom met with here, but the following account of its origin is humorously related by the Examiner.

"De Foe felt that he had the faculty of making the world believe anything, and this he tested now and then in the most exquisite forms of successful waggery. A too adventurous bookseller went to him in great distress one day. He had published a large edition of a very dull and heavy book, called *Drelincourt on Death*, "with several directions how to prepare ourselves to die well," and the public, not much relishing unauthorised directions of that sort, had stubbornly refused to buy it. What was to be done? De Foe quieted his fears. Nothing short of a ghost from the grave, he said, could recommend such a book with effect, and a ghost from the grave the worthy bookseller should have. As speedily done as said, De Foe set to work and called up *The True History of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal the next day after her Death, to one Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury, the 8th of September, 1705*, which Apparition recommends the perusal of *Drelincourt's Book of Consolation against the Fears of Death*. Nothing could possibly be more exquisitely real than the business like, homely, earnest, and common-place air of truth which was thrown into this narrative. It purported to be drawn up by "a gentleman, a justice of peace at Maidstone, in Kent, a very intelligent person." The "discourse is attested by a very sober and understanding gentlewoman, who lives in Canterbury, within a few doors of the house in which Mrs. Bargrave lives." The justice "believes his kinswoman to be of so discerning a spirit, as not to be put upon by any fallacy," and the kinswoman positively assures the justice "that the whole matter, as it is related and laid down, is really true, and what she herself heard, as near as may be, from Mrs. Bargrave's own mouth, who, she knows, had no reason to invent or publish such a story, or any desire to forge and tell a lie, being a woman of so much honesty and virtue, and her whole life a course, as it were, of piety." And what said the ghost? The ghost said that *Drelincourt's book on death* was the best book ever written on the subject. Doctor Sherlock was not bad, two Dutch books had merit, several others were worth mention, but *Drelincourt*, she protested, had by far the clearest notions of death and the future state of any who had handled that subject. The narrative was immediately appended to the book and a new edition advertised. It flew like wildfire. The copies, to use a good illustration from Sir Walter Scott, which had hung on the bookseller's hands as heavy as a pile of lead bullets, now traversed the town, in every direction, like the same bullets discharged from a field-piece. Nay,

the book has been popular ever since. Mrs. Veal's ghost is still believed by thousands. And the hundreds of thousands who have bought the stupid *Drelincourt* since De Foe's time (for hawking booksellers have even made their fortunes by traversing the country with it in sixpenny numbers) have only most unconsciously and most implicitly borne testimony to De Foe's genius.

SOME NEW STATES DISCOVERED.—We find in one of our late English daily papers, the reported speech of a London Alderman—who, raving and foaming on the subject of abolition, demonstrating the equality of blood and colours, and advocating the propriety of contributing to the “Oberlin Institute” in Ohio—makes the following exhibition of his geographical knowledge, and his acquaintance with the political institutions of our country.

“The mover of the amendment had brought down his books, and had shown—what? That American slavery was supported—by what? Not by the Acts of the Union. No, forsooth. By what then? Why by the acts of New Orleans, or some local State.”

“Forsooth,” the learned Alderman may play a good spoon at a turtle feast, or a dexterous knife and fork at a Lord Mayor's dinner, but he is certainly getting a little beyond his depth in this matter of New Orleans legislation. New Orleans is “a great country” and a “bang up” state no doubt—and so too are those other *local States*, whose names the indignant speaker did not seem to remember at the moment. Through the stupidity of our Geography-makers, they are not laid down with sufficient exactness to be readily recognized even by us natives, and whether they belong to that “mapless country” denominated “Down East,” or to the still more undefined regions of the “Far West,” we are equally at a loss to determine. It vexes us sorely to be thus in the dark—for the State of New Orleans must be a rouser to pass such “acts,” and “forsooth,” a local state would be worth going to see as a matter of curiosity—for our old States or those we know, are getting so *unlocated* these hard times, that it almost turns one dizzy to contemplate their ceaseless changes. We must indeed, look into our Geography, or send one to the learned Alderman.

HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE.

The February number of this valuable periodical was punctually issued. The articles are various and seem to be prepared with ability and accuracy, so far as we have had leisure to examine. The Report of the Mercantile Library association, is an interesting document, and exhibits the character, talent, and enterprise of the gentlemen who compose the association, in a flattering light. Although we were aware that the Library was large and judiciously selected, we were agreeably surprised to find that it contains nearly twenty-two thousand volumes; a number exceeded by very few libraries in the U. S. As an evidence of the good taste displayed in the selected articles of the magazine, and as a favourable specimen of the fine descriptive powers of Gov. Everett, we extract a quotation from an address delivered by that gentleman before the Mercantile Library Association of Boston.

“To understand the character of the commerce of our own city, we must not look merely at one point, but at the whole circuit of country, of which it is the business centre. We must not contemplate it only at this present moment of time, but we must bring before our imaginations, as in the shifting scenes of a diorama, at least three successive historical and topographical pictures; and truly instructive I think it would be, to see them delineated on canvas. We must survey the first of them in the company of the venerable John Winthrop, the founder of the State. Let us go up with him, on the day of his landing, the seventeenth of June, 1630, to the heights of yonder peninsula, as yet without a name. Landward stretches a dismal forest; seaward a waste of waters, unspotted with a sail, except that of his own ship. At the foot of the hill, you see the cabins of Walford and the Spragues, who, the latter a year before, the former still earlier, had adventured to this spot, untenantanted else by any child of civilization. On the other side of the river lies Mr. Blackstone's farm. It comprises three goodly hills, converted by a spring-tide into three wood-crowned islets; and it is mainly valued for a noble spring of fresh water, which gushes from the northern slope of one of these hills, and which furnished, in the course of the summer, the motive for transferring the seat of the infant settlement. This shall be the first picture.

“The second shall be contemplated from the same spot, the heights of Charlestown, on the same day, the eventful seventeenth of June, one hundred and forty-five years later, namely, in the year 1775. A terrific scene of war rages on the top of the hill. Wait for a favourable moment, when the volumes of fiery smoke roll away, and over the masts of that sixty-gun ship, whose batteries are blazing upon the hill, you behold Mr. Blackstone's farm changed to an ill-built town of about two thousand dwelling-houses, mostly of wood, with scarce any public buildings but eight or nine churches, the old State-house, and Faneuil Hall; Roxbury beyond, an insignificant village; a vacant marsh, in all the space now occupied by Cambridgeport and East Cambridge, by Chelsea and East Boston; and beneath your feet the town of Charlestown, consisting in the morning of a line of about three hundred houses, wrapped in a sheet of flames at noon, and reduced at eventide to a heap of ashes.

“But those fires are kindled on the altar of liberty. American independence is established. American commerce smiles on the spot; and now from the top of one of the triple hills of Mr. Blackstone's farm, a stately

edifice arises, which seems to invite us as to an observatory. As we look down from this lofty structure, we behold the third picture, a crowded, busy scene. We see beneath us a city containing eighty or ninety thousand inhabitants, and mainly built of brick and granite. Vessels of every description are moored at the wharves. Long lines of commodious and even stately houses cover a space which, within the memory of man, was in a state of nature. Substantial blocks of warehouses, and stores have forced their way to the channel. Faneuil Hall itself, the consecrated and unchangeable, has swelled to twice its original dimensions. Athenaeums, hospitals, asylums, and infirmaries, adorn the streets. The school-house rears its modest front in every quarter of the city, and sixty or seventy churches attest that the children are content to walk in the good old way of their fathers. Connected with the city by eight bridges, avenues, or ferries, you behold a range of towns, most of them municipally distinct, but all of them in reality forming with Boston one vast metropolis, animated by one commercial life. Shading off from these, you see that most lovely back ground, a succession of happy settlements, spotted with villas, farm-houses, and cottages, united to Boston by a constant intercourse, sustaining the capital from their fields and gardens, and prosperous in the reflux of the city's wealth. Of the social life included within this circuit, and of all that in times past has adorned and ennobled it, commercial industry has been an active element, and has exalted itself by its intimate association with everything else we hold dear. Within this circuit what memorials strike the eye; what recollections; what institutions; what patriotic treasures and names that cannot lie! There lie the canonized precincts of Lexington and Concord; there rise the sacred heights of Dorchester and Charlestown; there is Harvard, the ancient and venerable, foster-child of public and private liberality in every part of the State; to whose existence Charlestown gave the first impulse, to whose growth and usefulness the opulence of Boston has at all times ministered with open hand. Still farther on than the eye can reach, four lines of communication by railroad and steam have within our own day united with the capital, by bands of iron, a still broader circuit of towns and villages. Hark to the voice of life and business which sounds along the lines! While we speak, one of them is shooting onward to the illimitable west, and all are uniting, with the other kindred enterprises, to form one harmonious and prosperous whole, in which town and country, agriculture and manufactures, labor and capital, art and nature—wrought and compacted into one grand system—are constantly gathering and diffusing, concentrating and radiating, the economical, the social, the moral blessings of a liberal and diffusive commerce.

“In mere prosperity and the wealth it diffuses, there is no ground for approbation; though I believe in any long period of time, it will be found that those communities only are signally prosperous where virtuous principle is revered as a rule of conduct. It is the chief glory of our commercial community, that the old standard of morals is still kept up; that industry and frugality are still held in honourable repute, that the rage for speculation has not eaten out the vitals of character, and that lucky fraud, though plated stiff with ill-gotten treasure, dare not yet lift up its bold, unblushing face, in the presence of the humblest man, who eats the bread of honest industry.”

LITERARY NEWS.

An entertaining drama, more entertaining than moral, has been brought out at the Palais Royal Theatre. It is called “Les Remieres Armes de Richelieu,” not the Cardinal, but the “gallant.” At fifteen years of age, the little Duke, represented by Mdlle. Dejazet, is married to Mdlle. de Noailles, a young lady of eighteen, with the clause that the young couple are to remain separate for five years. The plot consists in the attempts and manœuvres of the young Duke to annul the said clause, in which he succeeds, much to the amusement of the Parisian audience.

AN UNFORTUNATE AUTHOR.—A person who signs himself “Samuel Hardman,” and dates from “King's Road, Brighton,” has addressed a letter “to the editors of newspapers in Brighton,” in which he “begs leave to acquaint” them that he has “lost two hundred and some odd pounds by publishing” his “Descriptive poem of the Battle of Waterloo,” his “Petition to the House of Commons, and a few other little things.” He gives the following details of his fruitless exertions to force a sale:—

When I published my “Descriptive Poem of the Battle of Waterloo,” I paid three pounds to some of the daily papers, and not less than one pound to all the daily and weekly papers; and also one to all the monthly and quarterly reviews. I placarded the streets from Whitechapel Church to Hyde Park corner, and so on all round London. I presented a copy to the Lord Mayor in the Mansion-house; I had three men walking the streets with boards on their backs three weeks; I had my house in Kensington lane, close to Vauxhall Gardens, placarded all over; they were acting the Battle of Waterloo in the Gardens; and after all this enormous expense I only sold one sixpenny number, and my publisher, Mr. Chappell, of the Royal Exchange, only sold seven numbers, so that we got four shillings between us, for me laying out upwards of one hundred pounds. I expended the same sum on my “Petition to the House of Commons,” thinking that I should recover some part of my former loss; but, alas! I only sold seventeen sixpenny numbers of that petition. I have now only sold sixteen numbers of my five letters.

A new work by the author of “Sam Slick's Sayings and Doings,” is in course of publication. The title is “Sam Slick's Letter Bag of the Great Western, or Life in a Steamer.”

A work which is doubtless of a most lively character, is also announced, viz.: “Gatherings from Graveyards.”

MEMOIRS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, in 2 vols., by Madame Tussaud, Edited by Francis Hervé, Esq. For sale at Wiley & Putnam's.

This is a very singular work, and written by a very singular woman. She is represented to be nearly eighty years of age, and dependent chiefly on her memory for the correctness of her details concerning the great events which she describes, and the immense variety of individuals whose characters and persons are traced with much minuteness. She early imbibed a great taste for modelling in wax, and finally became so successful in giving character and accuracy to her portraits, that she was employed by the French Court, and not only took casts of the members of the Royal family and the most conspicuous personages of the day, but seems to have become very intimate with all who did her the honour of employing her talents. Thus much we have gathered from reading here and there a few pages,—but have not had time to examine the work sufficiently to pronounce on the truthfulness of Madame Tussaud's sketches of character, or on the accuracy of her historical knowledge. We have seen the work well spoken of by those on whose judgment we are inclined to rely.

THE KNICKERBOCKER, for February, followed so close on the heels of the January number, that we had scarcely digested all the good things in the one, before we were invited to partake of the bounteous providings in the other. In conformation of our oft expressed opinion of the admirable contributions of Mr. Irving to this Magazine, we have this week transferred to our own columns a beautiful story, characterised by all those striking graces of style and diction which so eminently distinguish whatever comes from the pen of that illustrious author. In all respects the February number equals its predecessors, and we cannot say more to evince our appreciation of its great excellence.

TRIALS OF THE HEART, by Mrs. Bray, in 2 vols., published by Lea & Blanchard, for sale at Wiley & Putnam's.

These volumes were left upon our table a few mornings since, and the day following being misty, heavy, and dark, we thought to make sunshine in our heart's chamber by a regular feast *du cœur*. We opened upon probably the sublimest passage in the whole book, which having digested, we laid down the volume, thinking it unwise to add to our own camel-load of afflictions the onerous trials of Mrs. Bray.

The Theatre.

THE PARK.

Mrs. Fitzwilliams' return to the Park has not been accompanied with quite as much success as her great popularity might have led her friends to expect. This by no means indicates a falling off in this lady's attractiveness, but should be attributed to the hardness of the times,—the severity of the weather, and the thousand engagements of social life at this season of the year. Whoever has omitted the opportunity of witnessing the versatile talents of this lady, her grace and vivacity, her matchless picturings of individual eccentricities, should repair to the Park Theatre forthwith and enjoy a rich and intellectual feast. The management struggles nobly through the turbulent waves of misfortune and mishap and we sincerely hope that when the tempest lulls, it will enjoy cloudless serenity and untroubled waters.

It has been hinted that music will be in the ascendant at this theatre, after next week, with various changes and acquisitions in the vocal department: nothing has yet definitely transpired, and we, like our readers, must live on expectation. It is certainly true that the lovers of harmony should participate in the recreations of the stage, and we are inclined to be sanguine as to the result of any energetic movement on the part of the manager, for we feel assured that the representations of *Norma*, *Il Puritani*, *L'Elisire d'Amore*, would be extremely acceptable to the New York citizens.

MITCHELL'S OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Fun upon fun—another broad burlesque “The Revolt of the Poor House,” a parody on “The Revolt of the Harem” has thrown three or four crowded audiences off their balance of gravity. Mitchell in person enacts the chief Female pauper, and we could almost fancy he was really related to some of Mrs. Corney's (afterwards Mrs. Bumble's) *protégés*.—He is admirably supported by Mr. Horncastle and Mrs. Bailey, and a delightful dancer, La Petite Celeste. The Entertainments, on the whole, are worth five times the price of admission, and Mr. Mitchell has shown great tact in meeting the exigency of the times. The house is full every night.

THE BOWERY.

“Love” and the “Fairy Spell,” have drawn pretty good houses this week. Harvio Nano has not produced the excitement that was anticipated. We are inclined to think the time has gone by for such exhibitions, and we shall not regret being confirmed in this opinion.

PERSONAL NEWS.

THE CHAIR OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.—Seldom has there been so sharp or so hard-fought a contest for a chair in the French Academy as at present. The principal competitors are Berryer and Victor Hugo, the former odious to the *juste milieu* and the Court; the latter detested by the classics. Such academicians as Etienne and Viennet are sorely puzzled. The Court and Ministers beg them not to favour the Carlist, Berryer. They reply they would prefer electing the Duke of Bordeaux to suffering the *romantic* presence of Hugo.

Mr. James Haynes's new tragedy, founded on the story of Mary, Queen of Scots, which was to have been brought out last season at Covent-garden, by Mr. Macready, has been, we are told, accepted by the lessee of Drury-lane.

Portraits of her Majesty the Queen and Prince Albert, in the lids of gold snuff-boxes, will, we understand, be presented to all the Foreign Ambassadors on the occasion of the Royal nuptials, and the jewellers have already received orders to prepare them.

Letters from Constantinople, published in the French papers, speak of the probability of Lord Ponsonby's recall, and his being replaced by Lord Durham. The change, if made, will be attributed to the influence of the Emperor Nicholas, with whom Lord Durham is in high favour since his submission to Russian views in the affair of the Vixen. The French papers are very angry that the ambassador to Persia, M. de Sercey, could not obtain a firman to allow him to pass through the Bosphorus for Trebisond in an armed steamer. He was compelled to dismount the guns before the firman was granted.

LORD SEATON AND THE WESLEYANS.—Lieutenant-General Lord Seaton was recently waited upon by a deputation of Wesleyans, consisting of eminent ministers and lay members, who thanked his lordship for the valuable assistance which he furnished to the society's missionaries in Canada, and congratulated him on his elevation to the peerage.

HOGG'S ATTACHMENT TO SCOTLAND.—Hogg's native county was Selkirkshire, and what gave it greater value in his eyes were the scenes commemorated in border history, tradition, and song. The Abbeys of Melrose and Dryburgh, the latter of which now contains the revered ashes of his kind and generous friend Sir Walter Scott—the Eldon Hills, renowned in the annals of superstition—Selkirk, whose brave burghers won glory in the disastrous battle of Flodden Field, where so much was lost by others—the “Forest,” with its lone and storied dales—and Yarrow, whose stream and “dowie dens” are not to be surveyed without involuntary poetry—are all in the neighbourhood. The love, the deep, heart-felt love which Hogg bore to the land which contained these pleasing associations was such as no stranger can appreciate; it was a passion absorbing many others which might have been expected to hold sway over him, and it survived to the last.

The *Presse* of Sunday states that Prince Louis Bonaparte has lately received from the King of Holland a large sum of money (£16,000), an old debt due from Holland to his (Prince Louis's) father, and that Prince Louis has expended that sum in getting up the Bonapartist plot, which is shortly to be exposed. It is insinuated by that Journal that one of the chiefs in Paris has received £2,000 of that money for himself.

DEATH OF THE AUTHOR OF “REJECTED ADDRESSES.”—We are grieved to record the death of James Smith, Esq., the author of “Rejected Addresses.” It took place on the 24th ult. at his house in Craven-street. It is but seldom the fortune of an individual to combine so many advantages in person and mind as were possessed by James Smith; he must be sincerely mourned by all who had the happiness to be admitted to his intimacy. He had been subject to gout from a very early period of his existence, yet it never disturbed the equanimity of his temper, or prevented him from enjoying the quiet society of his friends when its torments had subsided. Last January he was attacked with a violent increase of the disease, and the system seemed for some weeks unable to rally. His end was tranquil, and distinguished by that placidity and contentment so characteristic of his disposition.

The report of the intended marriage between the King of Holland and Mlle. d'Oultremont is revived by the *Commerce*, which says that persons well-informed assert positively that it is to take place by proxy, the Count de Leidekerke, Dutch Minister at the Court of Rome, being his Majesty's representative. Mlle. d'Oultremont is not to have the title of Queen, but is to receive an anpanage suited to her position.—*Galignani*.

SUICIDE OF A YOUNG ENGLISH LADY AT MOUNT VESUVIUS.—The *Moniteur Parisien* of Saturday night states that the daughter of an English banker, a rich heiress, named Miss Anna Wilkins, had thrown herself into the crater of Mount Vesuvius, on the 12th inst., in consequence of being crossed in love. The object of her attachment was a handsome Lazzarone, 19 years of age.

LORD BOLINGBROKE ON WHITFIELD.—He has the most commanding eloquence I ever heard in any person—his abilities are very considerable—his zeal unquenchable and his piety and excellence genuine, unquestionable. The bishops and inferior orders of the clergy are very angry with him, and endeavour to represent him as a hypocrite, an enthusiast; but this is not astonishing; there is so little real goodness or honesty amongst them. Your ladyship will be somewhat amused at hearing that the King has recommended to his Grace of Canterbury that Mr. Whitfield should be advanced to the bench, as the only means of putting an end to his preaching. What a keen—what a biting remark! but how just—and how well earned by these mitred lords!

Daniel O'Connell retires from Parliamentary and Political life after the present Session, having agreed to accept the Chief Baronship of Ireland.

Sir John Colborne, late Governor General of Canada, has been created a Peer, with the title of Lord Seaton.

Prince Metternich, the Austrian Premier, is sinking rapidly.

A DESERVED COMPLIMENT.—Mrs. Keeley is playing at the Adelphi, and is thus noticed in a London print.

What a pleasure it is to see such a natural little actress as Mrs. Keeley, when she is not ranting absurd balderdash, or figuring about in a tawdry man's dress, or giving way to fits of highway heroics. Her "Betty Nangle," is absolutely affecting from its perfect air of nature. She does not look, or walk, or talk, or even laugh, like anything but what she is, a "Maid of all Work," a slatternly, slovenly, slouching, "kitchen drudge." She has lost even the edge of her ill temper, has fairly worn it off in cleaning boots and door steps, and drawls out her spleen from beneath a weight of depression.

HARD TIMES IN ENGLAND.—We copy from the London Spectator the following picture of distress among the operatives throughout the country.

Stagnation of trade, now general throughout the country, tells fearfully on the condition of that immense multitude whose daily labour must furnish daily bread. In some manufacturing districts the petitioners for food form a large portion of the entire population, and streets and roads are crowded with unemployed paupers. Fortunate are those permitted to earn a few shillings weekly at road-making, though the habits formed on their previous occupations render the work most irksome, and unwonted exposure to cold and wet will hasten numbers to premature graves. We read of thousands dismissed from factories in the same town at the same time—their employers stopping the manufacture of unsaleable articles. In too many instances bankruptcy is the reason for dismissing the work-people; who have now bitter experience, than of the employer's profitable employment of his capital their own means of subsistence depend, and that although masters may suffer curtailment of luxuries and comfort, the operatives, who live from "hand to mouth," are the first whom absolute distress—want of food and raiment—reaches.

Let it not be supposed that suffering is confined to commercial and manufacturing districts. The agricultural labourers complain of the inadequate proportion of wages to the cost of bread and other necessities.

In connexion with the general physical deterioration, an increase of crime is observed and lamented. It is stated that in Worcester County Gaol, there are now 219 prisoners—a larger number than ever were there at once before. At last Assizes, the Judges on circuit deplored the amount of criminal business; and there would more likely be an increase than a diminution of crimes in the dark winter months.

LAST MOMENTS OF THE POET JOHN KEATS.—In one of Shelley's letters is contained the following mournful particulars of the sickness and death of Keats:

"I hasten to communicate to you what I know about the latter period and closing scene of the pilgrimage of the original poet from whose works, hitherto unseen by me, you have favoured me with such a beautiful quotation. Almost despairing of his case, he left his native shores by sea, in a merchant vessel, for Naples, where he arrived, having received no benefit during the passage, and brooding over the most melancholy and mortifying reflections; and nursing a deeply-rooted disgust to life and to the world, owing to having been infamously treated by the very persons whom his generosity had rescued from want and woe. He journeyed from Naples to Rome, and occupied, at the latter place, lodgings which I had, on former occasions, more than once inhabited. Here he soon took to his bed, from which he never rose more. His passions were always violent, and his sensibility most keen. It is extraordinary that, proportionally as his strength of body declined, these acquired fresh vigour; and his temper at length became so outrageously violent, as to injure himself, and annoy every one around him. He eagerly wished for death. After leaving England, I believe that he seldom courted the muse. He was accompanied by a friend of mine, Mr. Severn, a young painter, who will, I think, be the *Coryphaeus* of the English school. He left all, and sacrificed every prospect, to accompany and watch over his friend Keats. For many weeks previous to his death, he would see no one but Mr. Severn, who had almost risked his own life, by unweary attendance upon his friend, who rendered his situation doubly unpleasant by the violence of his passions exhibited even towards him, so much that he might be judged insane. His intervals of remorse, too, were poignantly bitter. I believe that Mr. Severn, the heir of what little Keats left behind him at Rome, has only come into possession of very few manuscripts of his friend. You will be pleased with the information that the poetical volume, which was the inseparable companion of Keats, and which he took for his most darling model in composition, was the *Minor Poems of Shakspere*.

THE YOUNG SULTAN AND THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE.—The following description of the personal appearance of the young Sultan, Abdul Mejid, is given by one of the gentlemen who were present at the audience granted to the Prince de Joinville:—

His Sublime Highness, although only eighteen years of age, looks twenty-two. He has a weak appearance, but a countenance full of intelligence. His eyes are bright and piercing, and he has an air of great benevolence. He wore the same costume as that adopted by his father.

He wore, like the rest of the Turks who were present, a little black cloak; but, in order to distinguish his rank, the clasps were in brilliants, as were also the aigrette of the cap and the decorations which he wore round his neck. After our audience, the Prince de Joinville and his suite were entertained by the Grand Vizier and the high dignitaries with pipes and coffee. Each had a servant at his elbow, with a gold embroidered napkin, which he applied from time to time to the mustaches of the guest. Old Kosrew cracked his jokes, in which he is fond of indulging, and Halil Pacha related the reminiscence of his service as Capitan Pacha.

WRECK OF THE SCOTIA.

NARRATED BY DR. MADDEN, ONE OF THE PASSENGERS BY THE ROSCIUS.

Fifth of December, p. m., fell in with the wreck of the Scotia, bound from Quebec to Glasgow, burden 600 tons, loaded with timber, water-logged, in latitude 47, longitude 32 30. On seeing signals of distress flying, we altered our course and bore down on her; and on the Roscius approaching her, Captain Collins hailed her: the answer was, "We are water-logged—seventeen feet water in her hold!" The prompt reply of Captain Collins was, "If you want to come on board put out your boats." A cheer from the people of the sinking vessel followed; such a cry as men in desperate circumstances alone could utter, and that thrilling cry went up as the simultaneous shout of men in the extremest peril suddenly restored to life and hope, and instantly every hat and cap was seen waving on the crowded poop.

An effort was now made to approach us, but the water-logged vessel was utterly unmanageable—she pitched heavily, as if she would have gone down headlong, the seas swept over her, and as she rose poured through her broken ports. Her mizzen-top-mast, and fore and main-top gallant-masts had been cut away to ease her, and the poop deck where the crew were congregated, seemed the only place of safety left them.

In attempting to near us she came staggering down on us, and we were compelled to make sail to get out of her way. The sea was very heavy—we again lay to, and were then about a mile from the Scotia. Night came on, and no boats were seen—the unfortunate Scotia was then lost sight of altogether. About six o'clock Captain Collins hoisted a lantern, and the light was immediately answered by the Scotia; it was the opinion of Captain Collins that one of their boats had put off and had been swamped in attempting to reach us, and that the survivors had determined to wait till morning before another attempt was made. It seemed, indeed, doubtful in the extreme if any small boat could live in such a sea. It is impossible sufficiently to commend the conduct of Captain Collins, his anxiety to reach Liverpool before the steamer which was to have sailed six days after us made every moment of importance, we had moreover 70 steerage passengers, and 21 in the cabin, and to forego taking advantage of a fair wind, and to lay to for a night in a heavy sea, with every appearance of a heavy gale, was a determination which I greatly fear many a master of a ship would have found great difficulty in coming to. Capt. Collins, however, made this resolution promptly, and without any expression of impatience at the detention it occasioned. His only observation was "We must stay by the poor devils at all events till morning—we can't leave them to perish there, d—n it." May we not hope when "the accusing spirit flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, and blushed as he gave it in, the recording angel as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out forever."

At seven p. m. cheering was heard in the direction of the Scotia; the people, we supposed, had taken to the boats, and had then left the sinking vessel. In the course of an hour, or rather less, the long-boat of the Scotia, filled with men, was on our lee quarter. By the admirable arrangements which were then made by Captain Collins for rescuing them, the men were taken on board without the least accident. This boat brought 18; the Captain and five men had still remained on board, and were preparing to put off in the jolly boat. No little anxiety was felt for the safety of this small boat; in the course of half an hour, however, she was seen, and with two oars only she gained the Roscius, and the Captain and his five men were soon taken on board. To the credit of the poor master of the Scotia, it is observed, that he, Captain Jeans, was the last man to leave the sinking ship.

The anxiety expressed by the men who came in the first boat for the safety of their Captain; and, indeed, the terms in which the whole of his people, then and subsequently spoke of Captain Jeans, showed how highly he was respected and esteemed by his crew, and if he had not been so, he would probably not have kept his ship afloat so long as he had done. Nor was the anxiety of Captain Jeans for the safety of his crew, less manifest; the first question he asked on coming on board the Roscius was, "Are my people safe?"

The Captain and crew were all Scotch, and their conduct throughout reflected no discredit on their country.

When they came on board they were worn out with continual exertion. The men had been night and day at the pumps since the previous Tuesday, but, exhausted as they were, they immediately turned to, and with one accord went on deck and did duty with our crew; and no sooner were the boats cast adrift, than there was ample occasion for their services—a violent gale from the north-east set in, which must have rendered it utterly impossible for the people to have taken to their boats, and the violence of which on the following day must have been inevitably fatal, for it would have been impossible to have kept the pumps going when the sea already, even before the gale from the north-east set in, was making a clear breach over her, and threatening to carry away her poop-cabin, the last place of refuge left the poor people of the Scotia, except the top, where they had already stowed water and provisions, in the momentary expectation of being compelled to abandon the deck—and thus providentially were twenty-four human beings preserved from a watery grave.

Miss Mitford's new Tragedy (written ten or twelve years ago) will be immediately produced at Drury Lane, by Macready. It is called *Otro*.

TWO SKETCHES FROM CAPT. MARRYAT'S NEW SERIES OF TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

RATIONALE OF THE AMERICAN BONIFACE.

To one who has been accustomed to the extortion of the inns and hotels in England and the Old Continent, nothing at first is more remarkable than to find that there are more remains of the former American purity of manners and primitive simplicity to be observed in their establishments for the entertainment of man and horse, than in any other portion of public or private life. Such is the case, and the causes of the anomaly are to be explained.

I presume that the origin of hotels and inns has been much the same in all countries. At first the solitary traveller is received, welcomed, and hospitably entertained; but as the wayfarers multiply, what was at first a pleasure became a tax. For instance, let us take Western Virginia, through which the first irruption to the Far West may be said to have taken place. At first every one was received and accommodated by those who had settled there; but as this gradually became inconvenient, not only from interfering with their domestic privacy, but from their not being prepared to meet the wants of the travellers, the inhabitants of any small settlement met together and agreed upon one of them keeping the house of reception: this was not done with a view of profit, the travellers being only charged the actual value of the articles consumed. Such is still the case in many places in the Far West. A friend of mine told me that he put up at the house of a widow woman; he supped, slept, had his breakfast, and his horse was well supplied. When he was leaving, he inquired what he had to pay? the woman replied,

"Well, if I don't charge something, I suppose you will be affronted. Give me a shilling"—a sum not sufficient to pay for the horse's corn.

The American innkeeper, therefore, is still looked upon in the light of your host; he and his wife sit at the head of the *table d'hôte* at meal-times; when you arrive, he greets you with a welcome, shaking your hand; if you arrive in company with those who know him, you are introduced to him; he is considered on a level with you; you meet him in the most respectable companies; and it is but justice to say that, in most instances, they are a very respectable portion of society. Of course, his authority, like that of the captains of the steam-boats, is undisputed: indeed, the captain of these boats may be partly considered as classed under the same head.

This is one of the most pleasing features in American society; and I think it is likely to last longer than most others in this land of chance, because it is upheld by public opinion, which is so despotic. The mania for travelling among the people of the United States, renders it most important that every thing connected with locomotion should be well arranged: society demands it, public opinion enforces it, and therefore, with few exceptions, it is so.

The respect shown to the master of an hotel induces people of the highest character to embark in the profession; the continual stream of travellers which pours through the country gives sufficient support, by moderate profits, to enable the innkeeper to abstain from excessive charges: the price of every thing is known by all, and no more is charged to the President of the United States than to other people. Every one knows his expenses: there is no surcharge; and fees to waiters are voluntary, and never asked for. At first, I used to examine the bill when presented; but latterly I looked only at the sum total at the bottom, and paid it at once, reserving the examination of it for my leisure; and I never in one instance found that I had been imposed upon. This is very remarkable, and shows the force of public opinion in America; for it can produce, when required, a very scarce article all over the world, and still more scarce in the profession referred to—honesty.

AMERICAN WOMEN AND MARRIED LIFE.

All the men in America are busy; their whole time is engrossed by their accumulation of money. They breakfast early, and repair to their stores or counting houses: the majority of them do not go home to dinner, but eat at the nearest tavern or oyster-cellars; for they generally live at a considerable distance from the business part of the town, and time is too precious to be thrown away. It would be supposed that they would be home to an early tea: many are, but the majority are not. After flogging, they require recreation, and the recreations of most Americans are politics and news, besides the chance of doing a little more business, all of which, with drink, are to be obtained at the bars of the principal commercial hotels in the city. The consequence is, that the major portion of them come home late, tired, and go to bed; early the next morning they are off to their business again.

Here it is evident that the women do not have much of their husband's society; nor do I consider this arising from any want of inclination on the part of the husbands, as there is an absolute necessity that they should work as hard as others if they wish to do well, and what one does the other must do. Even frequenting the bar is almost a necessity, for it is there that they obtain all the information of the day. But the result is, that the married women are left alone; their husbands are not their companions; and if they could be, still the majority of the husbands would not be suitable companions, for the following reasons. An American starts into life at so early an age, that what he has gained at school, with the exception of that portion brought into use from his business, is lost. He has no time for reading, except the newspaper; all his thoughts and ideas are centred in his employment; he becomes perfect in that, acquires a great deal of practical knowledge useful for making money, but for little else. This he must do if he would succeed, and the major portion confine themselves to such knowledge alone.

But with the women it is different; their education is much more extended than that of the man, because they are more docile, and easier to control in their youth; and when they are married, although their duties are much more onerous than with us, still, during the long days and evenings during which they wait for the return of their husbands, they have

time to finish, I may say, their own educations and improve their minds by reading. The consequence of this, with other adjuncts is that their minds become, and really are, much more cultivated and refined than those of their husbands; and when the universal practice of using tobacco and drinking among the latter is born in mind, it will be readily admitted that they are also much more refined in their persons.

SOME OCCURRENCES IN THE LIFE OF COUNT DE NIEPPERG.

THE AFFIANCED OF THE PRINCESS MARY OF WURTEMBERG.

COUNT DE NIEPPERG is of Hungarian descent, and exhibits on his scroll-armor a long list of brave and patriotic ancestors. At an early period of life he was subjected to the machinations of one of those unscrupulous monsters, who, for the love of gold, would do any deed, however dark,—appeal to any agency, however diabolical. His name was Bodgaski (a Carpathian or Red-Russian,) who laid claim to the Austrian estates of the Niepperg family, and who was specially desirous to get rid of the heir.

Infinite were the schemes of this man to obtain possession of the present Count Niepperg, while yet an infant; and, at length, he succeeded. By escalade, he, in the depth of night, gained the nursery, seized upon the child, and escaped before discovery was made.

Arriving at an inn among the mountain-fastnesses of the border, he gave the child into the care of an old crone, who had long been devoted to his guilty purposes, and ordered at the nearest inn a sumptuous repast in exultation at what he had effected. In the midst of this repast the villainous beldame came to him, as by appointment, and agreed for a certain sum to strangle the child that night. Just, however, as she was leaving the apartment, a strange noise arrested her attention, and on turning round she perceived that her fiendish employer had fallen from his chair.

Excess of wine, added to the fury of excitement, had induced apoplexy; he was speechless, motionless—the finger of death was upon him. The old woman was in a dilemma, and the destruction of the infant was postponed.

On the following day she still hoped to make a thriving bargain; a large reward being offered for the discovery of the child.

Her story, when she presented herself at the Château Niepperg, was so plausible, that the amount offered was paid to her unhesitatingly; but a just destiny awaited her, for, in returning home, she was waylaid by some lawless foresters, who had heard of her success,—robbed and murdered. Thus a fearful retribution fell upon both offenders.

The young Count, as he advanced in years, was beloved by all who knew him, and was as remarkable for personal beauty and the lighter accomplishments as for an enlightened and liberal mind, and great moral integrity. It was imagined that he would be very hard to please on the score of the affections, but an incident of a singular kind removed this surmise. At a *bal masqué* at the principal theatre in Vienna, he entered the parterre, as was his custom, undisguised, and on looking round the boxes, where were many ladies seated as spectators, he beheld one who at once absorbed his entire contemplation.

She was very young, and less remarkable for regularity of beauty than for intellectuality and sweetness of expression. He stood and gazed for some time, and then sought among the masques some one of his acquaintance from whom to learn who the lady might be. While so engaged he was accosted by Prince P. Est—, and on turning round to indicate the *loge*, it was discovered to be—empty!

The Count was *desespéré*: he left the theatre; and for many days afterwards made enquiries, which were unattended with success. Gloomy, and now unfitted for society, he was one day riding out among the wooded lanes of Goritz, near Vienna—which form a sort of frame-work for rich and extensive meadows—when he beheld at some distance two ladies sauntering along, and tranquilly contemplating the beauty of the landscape;—but the scene became suddenly changed, and the most fearful screams were heard. An animal, something like a mastiff, but larger, appeared to be creeping towards them.

Rapid as lightning, the young Count dashed up to it just in time to divert its attention upon himself: and, in truth, it was no ordinary adversary. A lion had escaped from the *Jardin Botanique de l'Empereur* only some minutes before. Though habited *en militaire*, the Count carried no fire-arms, and had therefore to depend wholly upon his sword. Circumstances favored him; he had scarcely leaped from his horse when the savage adversary, by a natural instinct, sprang upon it. It was the work of an instant to plunge the weapon deep in the part most vulnerable—the heart of his assailant.

Alas! his gallant steed expired also, quiveringly, from loss of blood. On hastening to the ladies, one of them had fainted, and the other could but just inform him that they resided at the Château de L—. On the recovery of the former he accompanied them home, and was most enthusiastically welcomed by their father, the Duc de S—M—.

With some difficulty he was pressed to stay to dinner; and in one of the guests, what was his astonishment to behold his *INCONNUE* of the theatre! Conjointly with all around, her admiration of his dauntlessness was unbounded; and there appeared a singular deference to her opinion (a deference which she sought not), only explained by the discovery that she was the Princess Mary of Wurtemburg!

At that time she was staying *incognita* (or so at least it was *censé*) in the suburbs of Vienna, in order to complete her musical education. Here was an opportunity for a lover! for one not unknown to the sympathies of the exquisitely lovely being whom he addressed,—sympathies now so singularly augmented!

But then, the difference of rank appeared to interpose a barrier not to be overcome by any common effort; nay, one which could so easily be rendered insurmountable to both! The marriage of the Grand Duchess Mary to the Duke of Leuchtenberg offered, after a time, a means by which this attachment could be broken to the King, her father; but there are so many *contre-temps* in a *Court*, however liberal-minded a monarch may be,

that much hesitation arose, and much anxious fear of discomfiture to the lovers. At last, however, the intervention of a ruling power, that shall be nameless, but on which the Count had many claims for his known loyalty and devotedness, decided the affair beyond even the chance of further dissent. No father ever exhibited an attachment more tender, more free from interested motive, than does the King of Wurtemburg for his daughter; and well has the Princess Mary earned this sentiment; for one more amiable, in the most enlarged sense of the word, it is scarcely possible to conjecture, combining, as she does, the highest accomplishments, with that "benevolence of heart," on which chance and change, or mere pomp and circumstance, have no influence whatever.

The King of Wurtemburg, in a letter to the Emperor of Russia, says—"I shall soon lose my beloved daughter, Mary; but I consult her happiness and have every reason to approve her selection of the young and handsome Niepperg, who is as good as he is brave."

The Emperor in return, observes—"I gave my own dear child to a Duke of Leuchtenberg; do not, therefore, demur in bestowing your charming Mary on the Count de Niepperg."

AN IRISH INCIDENT IN NINETY-EIGHT.

During the rebellion in Ireland, an officer, whom we shall call Wentworth, was Brigade Major to Lord C——. Long before the troubles began, his beauteous and elegant wife had joined him. No sooner did affairs assume a serious aspect, than she received an invitation to reside with the Bartons, a protestant family of great wealth and influence, possessing a seat near Derry. Mrs. Wentworth gladly availed herself of the comfort and protection thus proffered, whilst her husband was occupied in his military duties, which day after day became more arduous, from the reckless daring of the rebel forces.

A skirmish had taken place not far from the town, the King's troops were the victors, and some twenty or thirty prisoners had been taken. These wretched and misguided men were brought in, under a strong escort of yeomanry, and it was lamentable to observe the fierce passion and inveterate hate to their better regulated brethren that they exhibited. The group was principally composed of men in the very summer of their days, full of life and robust health, clothed in tatters, with feet unconscious of covering, lacerated in their late conflict, hasty retreat, and the march to which they had been forced to submit.

Amongst them was a lad about eighteen years old, whose dress bespoke him of a more respectable class than his associates; his demeanour was also at variance with that of his fellows; instead of the air of insolent scorn with which they viewed their captors, he marched amongst them the very image of despair, scarcely lifting his eyes from the ground, whilst his cheek, alternately deadly pale and flushed with the deepest crimson, gave evidence of the intense anguish he endured.

The prisoners were safely stowed, and the Major was on his road to Mr. Barton's, when suddenly his horse started at some object in the road. The shades of evening had fallen sufficiently to prevent his seeing the cause; but his first impulse was to disengage a pistol from his holsters, and prepare for the worst.

"Och, then, for the love of Jasus, don't shoot, Major *aroon*, but harken to what I have to say! There's life and death upon it; 'tis not from myself that you'll larn the truth, but from one dearer to me than me heart's core. Och, Major darling, did you observe the poor prisoners that the army brought in? Did you notice one of them, the finest lad that ever blessed a fond mother's eyes? and he now in jail, and the grief chokin' me as I spake of it."

Here the wretched mother burst into a flood of tears, and wrung her hands, with that impassioned air and mournful sound usual to the Irish in affliction. The Major, accustomed to hear such lamentations, often time from *hired mourners*, was about to ride on, when the woman, seizing his bridle, exclaimed—

"Och, then, a *voorneen*, turn your horse's head towards Derry, make at once for the jail, and order Ned Farrell to be brought before you; but, for the love of the saints, do it quietly; don't let his comrades know that you have called to him, or his blood will flow by their hands, fettered though they be. My son it was who sent me after you. 'Mother, dear,' says he, 'would you risk a thrifle to save me?'—'Would I vally my own life or salvation for your sake, a *rich machree*?*' says I. 'Mighty well,' says he, 'and thank ye; folly the Major, and get speech wid him outside the town; but have a care for he may take you for an impostor; and, if my party guessed your interference, you'd not be safe. Tell Major Wentworth I have that to say will be worth the while of his listening, but to no human soul save himself will I spake; and when the Orangeman's rope has been round me neck, why then it will be too late for the both of us.' 'Tis no lie I'm telling you, Sir; take my advice, and ride back without delay!"

There was an earnestness in the woman's manner so intense, that Wentworth yielded to her desire, and in a short time reached the prison.

The lad he wished to see was easily distinguished from his fellows, and the officer of the guard arranged that he should be brought to the keeper's room, without exciting the observation of the other prisoners. On entering the chamber he bowed to the Major, and approaching him, said, in an under tone,

"I beg pardon, Sir, for my bouldness; but before I spake on the business that brought you, we must be alone."

Wentworth signified the boy's wish to the officer and the gaoler—they retired. The moment the door was closed Ned began:—

"You've seen my mother?"

"I have."

"Her heart is breakin' at the thought of me fate; 'tis for her sake, and not for my own, that I wish to have my life spared. If you will get Lord C—— to grant me a free pardon, why then I'll tell you how to preserve

them that is dearest to you from certain destruction, and a cruel death. Let me have his Lordship's own hand and seal to it, and you'll bless the hour that you listened to me mother's entreaty. 'Tis for you to chuse—save my life, and that of the unborn babe wid its lovely mother—let me hang, and they will soon fill a bloody grave."

Wentworth did not hesitate for a moment: leaving directions that Farrell should remain where he was till his return, he hastened to Lord C——, and speedily procured permission to make terms with the rebel.

The face of Farrell was pale, and his frame much agitated on the re-entrance of the Major.

"Am I saved?" he eagerly demanded.

"Listen," said Wentworth. "If what you are about to communicate proves true, and is the means of preserving the lives of those to whom you have alluded, I have the guarantee of your pardon; but, if you have invented any falsehood to mislead me, hanged you will be, as sure as that you were taken in arms against your rightful sovereign. So attempt not to deceive either yourself or me—upon your own words your life depends."

"Enough!" said the prisoner. "You know O'Dwyer, butler to Mr. Barton, at the big house?"

"I do."

"Mighty well then. Next Friday night by the blessin'—no, I don't mane that—next Friday night, as the clock strikes twelve, O'Dwyer manes to let in 'the boys'; and I needn't say if he does, not a living soul in the house will be saved. You may well stare, Major, but its the truth I'm tellin', as you'll know yourself to a sartainty, if you go cleverly to work. I have no more to say. Saturday mornin' I shall expect you with my release in your hand."

As soon as this brief conference was ended, the Major retraced his steps, and shortly reached his destination.

He cautiously apprised Mr. Barton of what he had so strangely learnt.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the listener, "it is all a vile fabrication. O'Dwyer has lived with me from childhood. I'd stake my life upon his honesty and affection."

"It will be easy to ascertain if he be the honest creature you suppose," said the Major; "but, in this matter, I implore you to be guided by my advice, and suffer me to arrange matters so as to be prepared for the threatened danger. Precautionary measures can do no harm."

Mr. Barton, confident of his servant's devotion to him, yielded at length an unwilling consent.

On Friday—the Friday named by the captive—O'Dwyer was sent to Derry, with a large sum of money, and directions to purchase such a variety of articles, that the execution of his commissions must necessarily detain him till late in the day. As soon as he was gone, Wentworth contrived to get into the house, in small parties of two and three at a time, some twenty infantry soldiers; these were smuggled in unseen by the servants or the family, and secreted in his wife's room, she being, with the exception of Barton, the only person aware of the circumstances connected with such measures.

In the evening O'Dwyer returned, and handed over receipts for the various disbursements. This confirmed the confidence in his integrity which his kind-hearted master felt for him, who, after expressing his satisfaction at the punctuality and zeal displayed, inquired if he had brought any news.

"Nothing, your honour, but the defate of the Croppies; the murthering thieves have been beaten right and left, and the town gaol is full of the villians. High hanging to the blackguards saving your presence your honour. Shure its well that none of the vagabones ever took it into their heads to pay this house a visit."

"If they did, you would show fight in the good cause, would you not, O'Dwyer?" asked his master.

"Pon my conscience, then, Sir," replied the butler, with an air of great simplicity, "Irish as I am, I was never too fond of fighting when I was young, and now its pace I'm for entirely, for good eating has burdened my years with fat and laziness; but, may be I could still be of use, comforting the mistress, and taking care of the darlings, not to spake of the friends staying with you. The heart of me you'd find *was* in the cause, tho' my arum may be waker nor it was, years agone, master dear!"

The old gentleman poured him out a glass of wine, and, O'Dwyer taking it, continued—

"May the Madara choke me, Sir, if I'd not lay down my life for the family!"

"I believe you, my good O'Dwyer," said his master; "and yet—"

"And yet," interrupted the Major, perceiving that the incredulous Barton was on the point of recounting the accusation against him, "And yet there can be no harm in our taking the usual precautions; so, finish your wine, get your supper, and don't sit up to let me out; I mean to stay here to-night, as all appears likely to be quiet in town."

"'Tis to be hoped and in country too, Major. Good night and sound rest to both your honours!" said O'Dwyer, as he retired.

For many years it had been the custom of the house for the butler to lock the hall-door at night, and retain possession of the key till morning. The mansion in which the events I am endeavouring to record occurred, was an old-fashioned building, having a wide staircase, with spacious galleries (or, as they are termed in Ireland, "lobbies"), communicating with the various floors.

On the first of these lobbies Wentworth had a few minutes before midnight quietly posted his small party of infantry so as to command the hall-door, the men being directed to crouch behind the antique and massive balustrades. This had scarcely been effected, when O'Dwyer, the faithful and exemplary butler, appeared, carrying a dark lantern, the light of which enabled Wentworth to trace his every movement. He crept cautiously round the hall, listened—with stealthy pace he soon reached the door, and before he applied the key, shook his clenched hand with a threatening action in the direction of his master's bed-room. The key was in the lock—Wentworth whispered,

"Up men, and present!"

* Son of my heart.

The door opened, and instantly a body of about thirty rebels rushed in with a hellish yell: they made their way towards the stair-foot,—“Now, lads, fire!” cried the major.

The whole house vibrated with the volley. Screams, groans, curses, and the noise of retreating steps followed.

“Load and be ready,” said the Major: “Lights there!”

A man left for the purpose brought candles. Wentworth hastened down stairs to ascertain the effect of the musquetry, a reception the intruders very little expected. Four men lay dead, two were severely wounded; the traitor, O’Dwyer, who had been the chief contriver of this harm, had received a ball in his forehead, the lantern which he carried serving to direct the aim by which he fell. Leaving half the soldiers in the hall, the Major led the others round the house and adjacent shrubberies, but the rest of the scoundrels had fled.

On his return, Wentworth found Mr. Barton and his wife actively engaged in quieting the alarms of the family. In answer to Barton’s inquiry as to the fate of the miscreant, O’Dwyer, Wentworth led him to the spot where the body lay, the countenance awfully distorted. The kind-hearted master burst into tears at the sight of his intended assassin, and, with more of mercy than justice, exclaimed,

“May the Lord, in his goodness, forgive you, O’Dwyer, for the evil you contemplated against your indulgent master!”

“Rather thank Heaven, Sir, that the villain has been overtaken in his treachery, and the lives of the innocent spared,” remarked Wentworth, somewhat irritated at the misplaced compassion of his host.

The soldiers remained on the *qui vive* all night; the proper authorities visited the house the next day, and congratulated the family on their happy escape from so base and villainous an attack. The bodies of the dead rebels were removed and the house purified from the stains of their recreant rebel blood.

Faithful to his promise, Wentworth hastened to the gaol with the order for Farrell’s release. The mother of the boy was seated on the pavement opposite the prison-door, and seeing the Major arrive said to him—

“May the blessed light shine on you for evermore, if ‘tis my son you are going to give back to the widdy that’s lonesome; but och, lose no time in letting him out. I have a car beyond the town, and we must be many miles from this before night; deep oaths are sworn to have the life of him that told the secret of last night’s attack. Hurry, Major, a *vourneen*,* and the blessings of a fond mother be on you!”

A few minutes sufficed to restore Ned Farrell to his doting parent, and Wentworth could not but applaud the intention of the woman to remove her son from the immediate scene of his conscientious breach of faith.

But Farrel was not destined to escape from the inveterate hate of his late associates. In a lonely part of the road the car was beset by four ruffians, who with their heavy bludgeons beat the wretched lad till they felt assured his life was extinct. His poor mother for many an anxious day despaired of his recovery; she had, by means of a trusty friend, informed Wentworth of her son’s dangerous state. The Bartons afforded the sufferer medical aid, and supplied his home with comforts during the tardy period of his convalescence. He arose from his sick bed a reformed man.

Protected by the Bartons against any future outrage from the vindictive savages he had defeated, Ned Farrell prospered; and the sight of his honest and thankful face, was some atonement to his benefactor for the misery of having gazed on such a spectacle as that of the unprincipled miscreant O’Dwyer.

MR. LANDOR ON EASTERN POLITICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

Sir,—When I addressed to you, several weeks ago, my observations on the imprudence of our Ministerial threats against the Autocrat of Egypt, I scarcely expected that he, consummate politician as he is, would so speedily have demonstrated, to those who govern in Constantinople, their true, prime, vital interests. It now appears, however, that Mehemet Ali has persuaded his late adversaries, under the banner of the same prophet, that the safety of the Ottoman empire depends on peace and union with him. Nothing would so certainly and instantaneously have dismembered it as the attack of England on Egypt. I say of England; for neither France nor Russia would have co-operated to a larger extent than a sheet of paper. But each would have awaited the crippling of our inadequate fleet; the one to seize on Constantinople, the other on Rhodes and Cyprus, forming such an alliance with Mehemet Ali as should exclude us from the Red Sea and the Euphrates.

We are rather too presumptuous in our contempt of Asiatic politicians. In private life we have always been among the most prudent and honest of nations; in public we are very far from the most prudent: and, if there be one behind us a few paces in the path of honesty, thanks are due to Louis Philippe, who certainly has the graciousness not to outstep us—somewhat such thanks indeed as

“T. Annæo Lucano beneficio Neronis fama servata.”

The perfidy of the French government, throughout the civil war of Spain, could leave on the mind of no wary politician an idea of sincerity in the alliance; and its late impudence in demanding the evacuation of Passages shows only an inclination for a momentary quarrel. No other answer ought to have been given than this brief one:—“Whenever Spain requires it, we evacuate the village; not before.”

It became the French government, the same under Louis Philippe as under Buon parté, and conducted by men whom both in turn have stigmatised, to abandon to its fate that glorious nation to which France owed a great part of her victories both in Spain and Germany. But it never was incumbent on us to advance in the cause of Poland, otherwise than with appeals to the sanctity of treaties. The expence must have been great, the success uncertain. For never will our nation and France co-operate long together with cordiality. She thinks we would cheat her because we look gravely and earnestly at her; and we will not drink her

wines because they sparkle. But we may act by ourselves, and without any reference to her, in regard to Russia, although the French people and soldiery would simultaneously cry out for war against their conqueror at the first cannon fired. We may act in regard to Russia as Russia has been acting in regard to us. Furthermore, we may be lawfully and rightly what she has been doing disloyally and traitorously. We may secure the Turkish empire by aiding the Circassians; and we can do it effectually by no other means.

Our great object, we at last are made sensible, is to establish our preponderance in Persia; and this also is to be done by it, and only by it. Long before the present day we ought to have had a fleet in the Euxine. All that the Circassians want from us may be supplied at a less expenditure than a single month’s in the last war. Russia would not openly resent it: she could not: she has the gout in one leg for five months in the year, and cannot limp up to us with the other: we are beyond the reach of her snow balls. She knows that she extorted from Turkey a nominal thing, and that she has vainly attempted to found a real one on it. Turkey did not, either at the commencement or close of the war, or at any time previously, occupy Circassia. She neither had troops nor civilians in that country. She was about as much the sovereign of Circassia as George the Third was sovereign of France: not indeed quite so much; for he at least held France upon his coins. Neither of them could cede more than the title. George the Third, who was always ready to warm his hands at a war, would not however have engaged in hostilities with Russia, for having carried stores and munition into his kingdom of France: neither do I conceive that Russia will deem it expedient to engage in hostilities with us, for aiding to this extent a nation not even in titular subjection to her, and even in her occupancy. But, whatever be her will, she has neither the right nor the means. It is only in peace and by diplomacy that she can injure us; and she already has injured us all she can. If we take the vantage-ground of Circassia, we may cripple her for ever: if we neglect to take it, we, instead of procrastinating hostilities, only accelerate them, by multiplying the means of her annoyance, expediting the facilities of her aggression, and clearing the field for her attack. On the European side of Turkey the interests of Austria stand prominently forth against her anterior encroachments; and, within seven years, Austria will probably, with the consent of England, take under her protection the ill-governed and long suffering Greece, which, ever since the battle of Navarino, has been Russian. But policy requires that neither Austrian nor other arms occupy that country, of which the various population always has been, and always must be, virtuously republican and confederate. We must look to this, before we sanction, what we now perceive to be necessary, a new order of things. We are strictly, by the nature of our position, conservative, corrective, and controlling. We cannot, with advantage to ourselves, increase our territory in Europe to the disadvantage of any neighbour. This alone would designate us, to the impartial of all nations, as the fittest arbiters of justice in their territorial disputes; and our power, which equals the united power of any two continental states, will uphold us on our high tribunal. In order to be the worthier of it, we must be somewhat more liberal in imparting the blessings and privileges we enjoy.

The great and prevalent fault of all governments is, shutting out the light from those who are restless, instead of opening their eyes, calling them up, and exciting them to walk abroad. To the utmost of our abilities we ourselves have pursued this system. While we wanted to share duties, we held rights behind our back, raising a suspicion that we were at best half-wise and very much less than half-honest. The cajoleries of Russia are concocted with more heat into greater potency. Her royal hand drags the posset with costly and far-sought ingredients, and administers it among the grooms on ennobled and resplendent salvers. Whoever has travelled much and observantly on the continent, must necessarily have heard and noticed to what an extent, and into what ramifications, the Russian influence is perpetually running on. The smallest states in Italy, and Germany contain some imperial agent. If there are two presses in any town, one is worked by Russia. Professors are invited from every foreign university: even they who decline the offer are proud of the distinction, which ribbands and rings and snuff boxes materially enhance: one unbroken line of conduct, ministry after ministry, age after age, is pursued invariably; and there is always a Philip of Macedon on the throne of Muscovy. Gold moulds intellect, intellect moulds policy, and policy holds back or precipitates the march of war. Incorruptible as we boast to be, is there any man who believes that our press, our parliament, our privy-council, will remain for ever, or for long, uncontaminated by Russia? We consider the Germans honest; and they are so; certainly no less than ourselves; yet in every city of Germany, royal, imperial, or free, but in the free particularly, the principal trade is *mask-making* for Russia. She stands already at our door in a dimly domino, which it behoves us to strip off before she cross the threshold. I do not say *Delenda est Carthago*; I do say *Servanda est Caucasia*.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

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E. L. GARVIN,

* My darli